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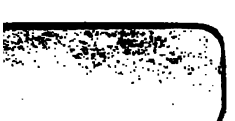

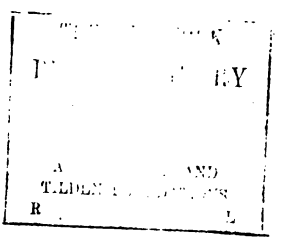

HALF-BREEDS RUNNING BUFFALO.

From a painting by Paul Kane, by permission.)

HALF BREEDS RUNNING BUFFALO

WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAMED

The Story of Western Canada Told for the Young

BY

E. L. MARSH

With Introduction by

R. G. MacBETH, M.A.

Author of "The Selkirk Settlers in Real Life," and "The Making of the Canadian West."

With Illustrations from Paintings by PAUL KANE, and from photographs and drawings.

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INTRODUCTION.

A REQUEST has come to me from the Publisher to write an introduction to Miss Marsh's book, "Where the Buffalo Roamed." The title of the book leads one to expect large elements of romance, pathos and tragedy, and this expectation will not be disappointed.

We have here the history of the Great New West of Canada, in the form of a series of sketches. They begin with the fascinating chapter which describes the country when it was a land primeval in which there lived in solitary grandeur the lordly Indian—

> "Free as when Nature first made man,
> Ere the base laws of servitude began."

With the Indian, in a sort of comradeship, there dwelt in that land the buffalo and the deer, and all the tribes of the animal world whose haunts had not yet been broken into by the crack of the white man's rifle, and whose lives were not spent in constant effort to elude the cruelty of men who hunt the innocent for sport.

Here and there throughout the book we find touches that reveal to us the lover of nature and the friend of the dumb creatures of God. This special feature has

O'Brien - 23 May, 1924

no doubt entered into the work out of the heart of the writer of the book; but it is a particularly good feature in view of the fact that the work is written primarily for children and young people. History is an absorbing study for most of us, but for children who have not yet been seized with the importance of it, there is need for putting historical facts into an attractive form. A story always appeals to them, and they are naturally sympathetic towards animals; hence, a book that contains these features will convey to them abundant information under its sugar-coating of narrative and description. In all this Miss Marsh has succeeded so well that even grown-up children who are anxious to get hold of the history of the West will find in her book great pleasure and profit.

The book is, of course, of special interest to me because it takes me delightfully over familiar ground. The West is the land of my birth, and from childhood I knew the life which Miss Marsh so well depicts. The story of the earliest explorers comes to me as one which I have frequently read in other works, but the leading features in the old life of the West and the period of transition to the new life are within my own ken. My father was one of the famous band known as the Selkirk Settlers, concerning whose amazing difficulties and final triumph Miss Marsh writes, perhaps, the best of all her chapters. Here and there I can see evidences that the authoress was not part of the life she depicts, but

on that account her uniform correctness is the more surprising. It must be the result of protracted and painstaking study in connection with the subject.

The kind of life described in these chapters can never be reproduced in actuality, for the West is the last corner of the habitable earth where such scenes were possible. The heroism of explorers like Radisson, Verendrye, Hearne, Mackenzie, and the rest, can have no duplicate, because communication and travel have been made easy by the progress of science and invention. The Arcadia of the Selkirk Settlement on the Red River can never again be found in the world, because the isolation in which it existed would now be impossible, even though the lofty character of the settlers is capable of imitation.

There are no limits to be placed upon Western possibilities now. To me it seems that the Canadian West, for weal or woe, will be the largest national factor in the future destiny of the world, and it is hoped that the youth of our land will acquaint themselves with the genesis and development of its wonderful history.

R. G. MacBeth.

November 10, 1908.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	No Man's Land	11
II.	Henry Hudson	15
III.	The Finding of the West	20
IV.	Radisson and Groseilliers in the North-West	26
V.	The Founding of the Hudson's Bay Company	33
VI.	Pierre de la Verendrye	37
VII.	Samuel Hearne	49
VIII.	The Discovery of the Mackenzie River	61
IX.	Alexander Mackenzie Crosses the Continent	70
X.	Explorers on the Pacific	79
XI.	The Selkirk Settlers	92
XII.	Two Explorers and an Artist	110
XIII.	Early Days in British Columbia	126
XIV.	The Fur-Traders	142
XV.	The Missionaries	149
XVI.	Trouble at Red River	163
XVII.	The White Man's Progress	174
XVIII.	Treaties with the Indians	184
XIX.	The Saskatchewan Rebellion	193
XX.	A Journey through the North-West To-day	216

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ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Half-Breeds Running Buffalo - *Frontispiece*	
Baby Moose - - - - - - - - -	12
A Beaver Dam - - - - - - - - -	12
Landing of Henry Hudson's Ship, the "Half-Moon"	18
Fort Prince of Wales - - - - - - -	18
The Lake of the Woods - - - - - - -	40
Indian Trappers - - - - - - -	40
Group of Indian Children - - - - - -	56
Group of Eskimo Children - - - - - -	56
Seven Famous Explorers - - - - - -	78
Paul Kane - - - - - - - - -	120
Flathead Woman and Child - - - - -	124
Return of Indian War Party - - - -	132
Visit to an Indian Encampment - - - -	144
A Fur Brigade - - - - - - - -	144
Seven Famous Missionaries - - - - -	154
The Red River Settlement - - - - -	163
Poundmaker's Last Buffalo Corral - - -	178
Signing of the Indian Treaty at Fort Carlton, 1876	188
Half-Breeds Travelling - - - - - -	193
The Surrender of Poundmaker - - - -	210
Cree Indians Travelling - - - - -	216
An Historic Red River Cart - - - - -	224
Troopers of the North-West Mounted Police -	224

Where the Buffalo Roamed.

CHAPTER I.

No Man's Land.

THERE was a time when the Indians and the wild animals had a great country all to themselves. They had millions of acres of land, covered with long grass and beautiful flowers, stretching out far beyond the sight. They had huge mountain ranges, with peaks so high that they reached up to the clouds and were always tipped with snow. They had great lakes and mighty rivers, little ponds of water-lilies, and rippling streams. Thousands and thousands of square miles were theirs, and over all that vast region they might roam at their will.

The busy beavers could cut down the trees wherever they chose, and build their log houses out in the water, plaster them with mud and carpet them with moss. They could build dams to keep the water back and to make ponds for whole villages of their houses. There were baby badgers rubbing their heads against the trees in fun. There were families of little otters sliding down

steep banks. There were splashing muskrats, sly foxes, and long-eared bunnies.

In that land lived the pretty deer and the ugly moose. It was also the home of such countless thousands of buffaloes that when they set out for a run over their prairie playground—larger than from one end of England to the other—the earth trembled, the dust rose in clouds, and the sound of their running was like thunder. This did not frighten the other animals. They knew it was only the buffaloes taking exercise, but they were careful to keep out of the way. There were also bears and wolves in that country. Far in the north, where there is plenty of snow and ice, lived the white bear and the soft-coated seal that you have all seen in pictures.

Though there were so many animals in that land, not one had ever seen a steel trap or heard the sound of a gun. The Indians would hunt the animals for food and clothing for themselves, but they knew nothing of other countries, so furs were not sent away; and as they had only bows and arrows to hunt with, the animals did not have to hide all the time, like the wild animals we hear of now.

The Indians were dark-colored people, quick and active, strong and brave. They had bright, black eyes that could see ever so far, and ears that could hear clearly sounds that you would never notice. They knew more of the woods and the animals than the white men have ever learned. They wore feathers in their hair instead of hats, were dressed in clothing of soft, warm skins, and for houses had log huts or cozy wigwams made out of poles and skins. The Indian babies had the branches of the trees for cradles and were rocked

BABY MOOSE.

A BEAVER DAM.

by the winds. They needed no one to sing them to sleep, because with them this prettiest of all lullabies came true:

"Rock-a-by baby in the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down comes baby, cradle and all."

In the evenings the Indians would gather about the wigwam fires, listening to the winds rustling among the trees or the prairie grasses, and to the night-calls of the animals. They believed that some of these rustling sounds were spirits talking to them—the good spirits that guided and cared for them.

They built their wigwams here and there in the great country, and moved them whenever they wished. There were no laws to say they must stay here or go there, no white people to build big houses in straight rows, no trains that shrieked or boats that whistled. None of the white man's things were there. On the lakes and rivers were only the silent canoes of the Indians, and no sounds were heard but the voices of the wild fowl or the splish-splash when some animal dived after a fish or plunged in for a swim. This may sound like a fairy story, but it is all true.

When the white man first went to that country he thought it very dreary and lonely. He called it the "Great Lone Land" and "No Man's Land." But he was glad to take away some of the pretty fur coats the wild animals wore. For years the white man thought of it only as a country where he could get warm furs in plenty. To-day that great country is neither a "Great

Lone Land" nor "No Man's Land." The Indians and the wild animals no longer have it to themselves. People from almost every country under the sun have made it their home. Towns and cities have been built, railways run from place to place, and where the buffaloes' playground used to be are vast stretches of rich harvest-fields.

That country is our Canadian North-West.

But what made this great change, and how did it come about? Did the Indians move their wigwams away to make room for the white man's houses? And what did the buffalo, the beaver and the moose think of it all? And how did the white man find his way there in the first place? Every change has a story, and one of the best stories ever told is of this great country. So let us begin at the beginning. You cannot know the end, for "the end is not yet," but you shall read of wonderful things which have happened up to the present day.

CHAPTER II.

Henry Hudson.

In the years gone by, before the white men made their way to the North-West or had travelled far into the New World, as they called the newly-discovered country of America, they thought that this great continent was only a narrow strip of land. They felt sure there must be a water passage leading through the land to the sea beyond, and they wanted to find it so that they might sail through America to this western sea. Such a passage would give the trading vessels from Europe a shorter route to India and China than the one they had at that time, which was around the Cape of Good Hope, to the south of Africa.

Explorers had no idea then that in the North-West was a greater country than the Canada they knew. It never occurred to them that Indians and the wild animals could have such a great land all to themselves. But though these travellers came to more lakes and rivers, more hills and plains, more Indians and animals, they found no sea. They could get deeper and deeper into the New World, but they could not get across it.

One great explorer, named Henry Hudson, sailed along the coast of North America in a boat called the *Half Moon,* searching for this north-west passage. After sailing into a number of inlets, which he found to be only bays, and so did not lead to the Western Sea,

he went home again. He was not discouraged by this failure, but made up his mind that the water passage must be farther north than he had sailed.

It was about this time that Henry Hudson had two dreams; one came to him when he was asleep at night, and the other when he was wide awake, in broad daylight. In his night dream he saw a ship, that had been returning through the northern passage, wrecked, and the goods it carried from the rich, warm countries drifting about in the homes of the seals and the polar bears. The bears were burning their tongues on the spices, and the seals were getting tangled up in the silks. In his day dream the ship was not wrecked, but came safely through the polar sea full sail from India. The commander of that ship was himself!

It was the day dream Henry Hudson said he would make come true. He declared that he would now discover something worth while. Then he set out with his son in a new boat, which he called the *Discovery*.

Crossing the Atlantic, he sailed northward through a narrow strait, and entered that great bay in the north which is named for him. On the shores of this bay he and his men spent the cold, dreary winter. When they found their ship completely frozen in, and knew they must stay there for many months, they began to wonder how long their food would last. They had no idea whether they would be able to get any game, nor did they have any idea how long and terribly cold the winter would be. In speaking of this time one man wrote: "But now we were in, it behoved us to have a care of what we had, for that we were sure of, but what we had not was uncertain." Of the cold he said: "To

speak of all our trouble in this time of winter (which was so cold that it lamed most of our company, and I myself do yet feel it) would be too tedious."

It happened, however, that through the coldest weather they had food, for beautiful white ptarmigan stayed about in such numbers that the men said they killed "above an hundred dozen." Before the spring the ptarmigan flew away, and swans, geese and ducks came. Hudson hoped these birds would nest there, so that the men would have food while waiting for the ice to break up. But the birds were going to spend the summer farther north, and were soon away again. Then the hard times came, and it was all the men could do to keep from starving. Often they would go ashore to hunt for frogs, which they were very glad to get (though they called them loathsome as toads). When no frogs were to be had they gathered moss, which they boiled and tried to eat.

Before the ice melted away, an Indian crossed over to the ship—probably, as one of the men said, "to see and be seen." The lonely men gladly welcomed him to their ship, for he was the first Indian they had met with in all this time. Though he could not speak their language, they understood him by the signs he made. Hudson gave him a knife, a looking-glass, and some buttons. He was delighted with the presents, and after a long look at himself in the looking-glass, made signs that when he had slept (his way of saying the next day) he would come again.

True to his word, the Indian came the next day, this time drawing a sled on which he had two deerskins and two beaverskins. The white men watched him to

see what he would do. He pulled the things which Hudson had given him out of a bag or pocket under his arm, and then laid the knife on one beaverskin and the glass and buttons on the other. This was to show that the skins were in return for the presents. Then he gave the beaverskins to Hudson and put his own things back where they were before. Hudson traded him a hatchet for the deerskins. Before the Indian left he made signs that his people lived some distance to the south, and that after a certain number of "sleeps" he would come back and bring others with him. But the white men never saw him again.

At last the long, cold winter came to an end, and the ship was released from the ice which had so long imprisoned her. The men were tired of the North and wanted to go home, but Hudson told them that after having come so far he could not think of turning back without searching for the passage he had set out to find. At this the men broke out in a rage, and said if he would not go home they would go without him. And they did so. They put Henry Hudson, his son, and a few of the sailors who were ill, adrift in a small open boat. Then they sailed away, and left them at the mercy of the cold Arctic winds and the wild northern waves.

The men who did this wicked act had a miserable time before their vessel reached home. Many of them died. Some kept themselves alive by eating the skins that had been left from the birds they had shot and eaten long before, and sea-weed fried in candle ends. The few who did reach home were so ill and spent with hunger that people pitied them even in spite of their crime.

LANDING OF HENRY HUDSON'S SHIP, THE "HALF MOON."

FORT PRINCE OF WALES.

Poor Henry Hudson was never heard of afterwards. We only know that his grave is somewhere under the waves or on the shore of the great bay that is named for him. Hudson Bay is both his monument and his tomb.

"Open the Bay which Hudson—doubly crowned
By fame—to science and to history gave.
This was his limit, this his utmost bound—
Here, all unwittingly, he sailed and found,
At once, a path of empire and a grave.

"Open the Bay! What cared that seaman grim,
For towering iceberg or the crashing floe?
He sped at noonday or at midnight dim,
A man! and, hence, there was a way for him,
And where he went a thousand ships can go."

—*Charles Mair.*

CHAPTER III.

The Finding of the West.

After Hudson's voyage, men still searched for a water passage through the new continent. Besides the explorers, the good missionaries were following the Indians farther back into the country. Father Jogues had a mission as far west as Sault Ste. Marie, and a man called Jean Nicolet, who was not a missionary, had gone through the Straits of Mackinaw. But what was beyond that no white man knew. The Indians and the animals still had the great North-West all to themselves. But they were not to have it alone much longer. Pierre Radisson, the first white man to enter their country, was at this time a boy living at Three Rivers, a place between Montreal and Quebec. He was born in France, in the little seaport town of St. Malo, but his father moved to Canada while he was still a boy.

Pierre was happy in the new country, for he loved adventure and was not afraid of danger. There was plenty of danger then. The Iroquois Indians had been at war with the Hurons and Algonquins for years. Because the French helped the Hurons and Algonquins fight against the Iroquois, this great tribe declared they would have their revenge, and were now trying to kill all the white people, as well as their Indian enemies. It was not a peaceful time for the young Pierre to live in Canada. All this does not concern the history of the

North-West, but it will make you better acquainted with the man who was to find it.

Many times the young people at Three Rivers were told not to venture outside the fort, for the Iroquois were in hiding all about, ready to capture any stray Frenchman. In spite of this warning, one fine day Pierre went out with two of his friends to hunt. Before they had gone far they met a settler who told them that he had seen hundreds of heads out among the hills, and warned them not to go on. Upon hearing this the two friends turned back, but Pierre went on alone. All through his life he was just the same, going on and on and on, no matter what the dangers were.

He had good fortune with his hunting that day, and at last he started back with a string of wild ducks and geese over his shoulders. Near the place where he had left his companions he sat down to rest. Then the brave hunter began to have strange nervous feelings, and though he saw nothing, it seemed to him that he was not alone. To reassure himself that there was no danger, and to shake off this nervous feeling, he began to shoot at the wild fowl. "Surely," he thought, "there can be no one about, or ducks would not come down to the water." Moving on for a better shot, he stumbled over something. To his horror and amazement he saw that it was the dead body of one of his companions.

Pierre Radisson knew too well what had happened. He tried to hide, but the dark heads of the Iroquois seemed in an instant to surround him. They had been hiding among the rushes and behind the trees watching for him. They captured him, but spared his life because he was so brave that they wanted him to be one of them-

selves. They adopted him into one of their families. They dressed him up in their own way, painted his face, and put feathers in his hair; then, when they thought they had made him look very grand, they gave him a looking-glass that he too might admire himself. Poor Radisson said afterward that he looked "all in a pickle." But he was pleased when they gave him firearms, for nowhere could he learn to be a great hunter better than with the Indians.

For over a year he was with them. During that time he became wise in the ways of the Indians and learned to love the wilderness. Often when he lay asleep beside the camp-fire he would dream of journeying through new lands where no white man had been before. When, at last, he got away from the Indians, he fled to New York, took a boat for France, and from there sailed back to Three Rivers.

While Pierre was away his eldest sister, Marguerite, married a man named Groseilliers, who, like himself, wished to explore unknown lands. Groseilliers told him that some Indians had been at Three Rivers and had told the white men of a wide country beyond the Great Lakes that was rich in furs. They also told them that away to the north of this country was salt water. Sixty canoes of Frenchmen had set out to find this land, but they became discouraged and turned back. Groseilliers, with one of the priests, had gone farther and heard more from the Indians about this country. He now wanted Radisson to go with him to find that land. Radisson was delighted at the prospect, and, though he had been home only a few weeks, wanted to start at once, and said he "longed to see himself in a boat."

The brave men soon had a chance to set out for the unknown land. It happened that about this time (the summer of 1658) some Algonquins from far away came down to Three Rivers to trade their furs. Thinking it a good chance to be guided to the distant country, Radisson, Groseilliers, and quite a party of their countrymen, started back with them. The trip was so dangerous that Radisson and Groseilliers were the only white men to go all the way.

The Algonquins had traded their furs for guns, the first they had ever possessed, and were so delighted with them that they were continually firing them off. Radisson said, "Don't do so much shooting, or the Iroquois will hear you; and, above all things, keep the canoes together, so that if we are attacked we can defend ourselves." The Indians would not listen. Before they had gone far an Indian came out of the woods and shouted to them. He called them brothers, and said, "I would save you; your enemies are spread up and down. They have heard your noise, and wait for you. Keep your hatchets sharp, build a fort, and make haste!"

The foolish Algonquins would not take warning, for had they not their new guns? Because Radisson and Groseilliers told them that even with their guns they needed to be careful when such crowds of Iroquois were about, they said these men were "timid squaws." They called the Indian who warned them a hen and a dog. In spite of their bravado, however, they showed some caution. They did not land that night, but tied their canoes among the rushes in the river, where they were safely hidden.

In the morning they set out before daylight, while

there was still a fog to hide them. As they glided on, the sound of rushing water told them that they had come to a waterfall. A still more alarming sound reached their ears. It was the war-cry of the Iroquois and the crash of their guns. This frightened them so that they hardly knew what they were doing. They ran into the woods and, as Radisson says, "got themselves all in a heap like ducks that see the eagle come to them." All day they remained in hiding. When darkness came they crept back to their canoes. The Indians were now thoroughly frightened and declared they would make a dash past the falls, but that they could not help the white men nor carry any of their things.

By this time the young Frenchmen who were with Radisson and Groseilliers, knowing they would not be able to keep up, decided to turn back. These two said they would finish the journey or die by the way.

Once past this band of Iroquois they travelled only at night, lying hidden under the trees during the day. As they were afraid to let their guns be heard, they dare not shoot at the wild fowl, but lived on boiled moss and berries. It was well for the bear in the berry patch that they dare not fire at him. In spite of the slow work of paddling up stream and portaging their canoes, they reached Lake Nipissing in good time. Then they passed down French River to Georgian Bay, made their way around its northern shores, past Manitoulin Island, on through the Straits of Mackinaw, and up Lake Michigan, exploring the country to the south.

The next year (1659) they turned northward and during the winter travelled day after day on snowshoes over the crisp, hard snow. On this journey they heard

some wonderful news. The Indians they met told them about a great bay in the north, and from their description the Frenchmen knew it must be the one Henry Hudson had discovered. They heard whereabouts it was, and learned for a certainty that one could get to it from Canada by land.

In the spring of the following year they were ready to go back with some fine furs and carrying news of the great country they had found. But the Indians had reasons for not wishing to guide them back. They wanted the white men to stay with them, because they had done so much for them; and besides, the Indians were afraid to take the journey, for they had heard the Iroquois were lying in wait for them. One old chief made a speech in which he said:

"Brothers, the Iroquois will destroy you and carry you away captive. Will you have the brethren that love you slain? Stay till next year; then you may go freely."

Radisson took a beaverskin that one of the Indians had on his shoulder, and throwing it at the chief, replied in this way:

"How can you defend yourselves without getting arms from the French? If you try to fight the Iroquois with beaver pelts instead of guns you will make your children slaves. But do as you like; we can get along without you."

That speech settled the matter. The Indians were too proud to stand such talk, so they guided the white men back.

CHAPTER IV.

Radisson and Groseilliers in the North-West.

Upon the return of the two daring explorers the greatest interest was taken in their journey. Everyone wanted to know whether they had heard anything of the North-west Passage or the Western Sea. But they were careful not to tell what they had heard of the great bay, for fear someone would start off and get there before them and have all the glory of finding it.

In spite of their care people did hear about it. Radisson was surprised when some men told him they were preparing to start for the great bay in the north and asked him to go along as guide. The man who had braved the dangers of a first journey into that unknown land, and had found the way, declined to act as a guide for others. Then he talked with Groseilliers, and they made up their minds to be off at once and get there before the others.

Now, there was one difficulty in the way. At this time no one in Canada was allowed to trade in furs without a license, that is, permission from the Governor. When Radisson and Groseilliers asked for a license the Governor refused to grant it unless they would agree to give him half the furs and take two of his servants along to see that he received his full share.

The men who were going to take this long journey and risk their lives in making great discoveries for their

country were indignant. Radisson says: "We made the Governor slight answer, and told him that for our part we knew what we were, discoverers before governors. If the wild men came down the way for them as for us, we should be glad to have the honor of his company, but not that of his servants, and that we were both masters and servants."

The Governor was angry, and said they should not go. He forbade them to leave Three Rivers. They sent him word that they *would* go, and then stole away in the night. Meanwhile, the Indians who were going to guide them grew tired of waiting and went on. Radisson and Groseilliers had to paddle day and night to catch up with them.

Then the real hardships of the journey began. More than once they drove away lurking bands of Iroquois. Game was so scarce that sometimes they nearly starved. But the Indians, Radisson tells us, were "as kind as Christians." Often, while gathering berries along the shore, some of them would call to him to come and share in a good place they had found. Once, in a time of great scarcity, an Indian in the boat with Radisson, seeing a beaver put its head above the water, jumped in, went down to the bottom after it, and brought it up in his arms. He was much too hungry to fear being bitten.

In October they came to Lake Superior, where they had plenty of fish and game. After having some good meals beside their camp-fires on the beach, they coasted round the south shore to the west, and from the west to the north.

When journeying north-west from the lake they met

some Indians of the Cree tribe, who lived in the North-West. These Indians were delighted to see them, and at once invited the white strangers to visit them. When Radisson and Groseilliers accepted the invitation, the Crees went away to bring some of their people back to carry the strangers' baggage and conduct them to their village. As the Indians had a long journey home, the white men built a little fort to rest in while they waited for their return. It is not supposed that this fort was within the Canadian North-West, but the North-West Indians came to it. It was the place where they first traded with the white man. The queer little beginning of what was to become a great fur trade was just a tiny log hut beside a river, with a bright fire burning in the middle, log beds on one side, and a log table on the other.

You may rest assured that when you are in the land of the Indians, though you see no signs of them, they know where you are and what you are doing. So they learned the little hut was there and came to visit it. But the visits were always friendly ones, made to welcome the strangers.

Before long they were coming so often and staying so late that the white men could not sleep. Radisson put a stop to that. He was wise enough to know that if he could impress them with the greatness of the white man he would keep them at a respectful distance. What he did do was to cut birch bark in narrow strips and roll gunpowder in it at regular distances; then stretch it round the hut and set it on fire. When the Indians saw the circle of fire, with one little explosion after another, they were amazed. They declared the white men were wonderful beings, and were careful not

to offend them, nor to come oftener than they were wanted. So Radisson and Groseilliers lived there in peace until the Crees came back to take them to their homes.

The Crees looked up to the explorers as if they were gods. They shouted and danced for them, carried all their things, and were blissfully happy if they got a brass awl, a ring, or a needle. The first white men to travel in the North-West were, as Radisson said, "Cæsars with none to contradict them." When nearing the Cree village with their white visitors, the Indians sent their swiftest runners on to tell that they were coming. In the morning they entered the village in grand style.

The Indians were so pleased with their white visitors and the presents they received from them that they got down on the ground to show that they would be their slaves. Some even threw themselves backwards upon the ground, which was their way of showing friendship and welcome. Afterwards they gave a grand feast and danced for their guests.

Living in the land of the Indians was very pleasant for a time, but when winter came Radisson and Groseilliers saw some of the red man's troubles. As the season advanced the snow began to fall. Clouds of great white flakes came down, changing the daylight into darkness. The wild creatures hurried away to their shelters and not a living thing could be found. The Indian hunters came home empty-handed.

According to the Indian custom in days of famine, all the food was now kept for the men, that they might have strength to hunt. The women and children were

eating only dried skins. As time passed and no trace of game could be found, the skins, or soup made out of bark, was all they had for anyone. To keep from starving they even boiled the bones that had been left from the time of plenty. As the ground was frozen, and covered with five or six feet of snow, it was only with the greatest difficulty that they could get roots.

When the spring came and the snow and ice melted, the animals came out again, and food was plentiful. Then the white men prepared to travel on. After they had made a visit to the Indians a little to the south, the Crees offered to take them to the great bay of the north, which Radisson and Groseilliers had come to find. Radisson had sprained his ankle, but he was a true explorer and would not stop on that account. For two days he limped along with the others. Then, as he could keep up no longer, they gave him a little food and went on without him.

Groseilliers was hunting at the time, and did not know that his companion was left behind. For a few more days poor Radisson crept along on the trail of the others. When, at last, he came to an empty wigwam, he was so weary and ill that he built a little fire and went to sleep. A great light and a crackling noise awakened him. The wigwam was on fire. He threw out his snowshoes, crawled out himself, and watched it burn to the ground. He had no shelter now, and was cold and hungry, and his foot was so sore that he could not walk. Far away there were sounds—the baying of wolves, he felt sure—and there in the cold and darkness he wondered how much longer he would have to live. But the brave explorer was being cared for. When Groseilliers joined

the others after his hunting and learned what had happened to his comrade, he sent Indians back for him. The sounds that Radisson took to be the howling of wolves were the shouts of these Indians. They soon found him and took him safely on to the others.

After a time they came to rivers that flowed north to the great bay, and travelled by canoe again. But so far north were they now that they found the rivers still full of floating ice. Radisson wrote of this canoe trip, "We were in danger to perish a thousand times from ice jam."

Whether or not these explorers really spent the summer on the shores of the Hudson Bay is still a disputed point. But there can be no doubt that they were the first white men to find the way to it overland and to sail on the rivers that emptied into that great bay.

They could tell many curious stories of the Indians they found far in the north. One of these stories was about an Indian to whom they showed the image of the flight of Joseph and the Virgin Mary with the child Jesus. The Indian at once began to weep and tear his hair. He said that the white men must know everything, for that was his wife and child who had been taken away by another tribe four years before. Pointing to Joseph, he said, "There am I with my long robe, seeking for my wife and child."

In the spring of 1663 the explorers started for home. They reached there with rich furs just at a time when the Governor needed money. He cared nothing for the hardships and dangers they had met with in finding new lands where there was a wealth of furs for their country, nor for what Radisson had endured when he

tramped for days with a sprained ankle to find a great bay. Nor did he care that many a time they had almost starved. But he did care about the money their canoe-loads of furs would bring, and to get that money he fined the explorers because they had slipped away in the night without his permission. The fine amounted to almost as much as the value of the furs they had brought back, and they were left poor men. He gave them no honor for their service to the country, but instead tried his best to bring disgrace upon them.

CHAPTER V.

The Founding of the Hudson's Bay Company.

RADISSON and Groseilliers, as you have seen, were unjustly treated in New France. They therefore resolved to cross the ocean and seek justice in Old France. But Old France would pay no attention to them. Then an Englishman, who saw how unfairly they had been used, said, "Have no more to do with your own country, but come to England. You will be better treated there." After trying in vain to make some arrangement in France by which they could go back to Hudson Bay and trade, they decided to take the Englishman's advice. They went to England, just three years after their return from the north.

Upon their arrival in the city of London, Radisson and Groseilliers were kindly received by King Charles. He was much interested in what they told him of the Hudson Bay fur trade, but he was busy with a war just then and they were kept waiting. However, he had a cousin, Prince Rupert, who wanted to make some money and who talked much with the French explorers of the wealth which they said was to be gained from the beaverskins of the New World.

Prince Rupert's interest had so much influence that by the spring of 1668 a company of men advanced money enough to send two ships to the Hudson Bay. Radisson sailed in one and Groseilliers in the other.

The vessel Radisson was in was driven back by storms, but Groseilliers, in Captain Gillam's ship, reached Hudson Bay in safety. After sailing southward they came to a river which Groseilliers named Rupert in honor of Prince Rupert. Here they built a fort and called it Fort Charles, after the King of England. The Indians were delighted to have the fort there. They brought all their furs to the white men, and promised to come again with more.

When winter set in it was just as cold and dark and dreary to these white men as it had been to poor Henry Hudson and his men over fifty years before. Captain Gillam wrote in his journal: "The earth seemed frozen to death." It did not seem to him that spring could ever come. But it did. The weather became warm, then hot. The Englishmen were astonished at the sudden change, and began to think it possible for the fur-traders to live on Hudson Bay.

When the ice broke up they sailed back to England with a load of rich furs. Meanwhile Radisson had not wasted his winter, but had been talking much about Hudson Bay and the fur trade. Prince Rupert had been talking, too. The result was that when the ship came back, and all could see the beautiful furs from Hudson Bay, a company was formed. It was called the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company, or Company of Adventurers Trading into the Hudson Bay. It is the same great company that we have to-day.

The Royal Charter was granted to the Company in May, 1670. By this charter the members of the Company were given the sole right to the fur trade, and dominion over all the northern land. Their territory

was called Rupert's Land, after Prince Rupert, who was their first governor. At this time even the members of the Company had no idea of the extent of the land they had been given, and it was years before they knew the real value of their charter.

Other trading-posts besides Fort Charles were built on the shores of Hudson Bay. These forts were all little log buildings with high protecting walls about them. The men who were sent out to take charge of them had lonely times, with nothing to break the dullness of the long years but the Indians bringing in the furs and the English ships that came and went every summer when the bay was clear of ice. The ships brought the blue beads, looking-glasses, bright handkerchiefs, knives, needles, guns, powder and shot used to trade with the Indians, and carried back loads of the pretty furs. Better still for the lonely fur-trader, they brought him letters from home, and carried away his messages to friends across the ocean.

The traders could not talk about pounds or dollars to the Indians, who knew nothing of the white man's money, so beaverskins were taken instead. The Indians always understood when told how many beaverskins an article was worth, or how many beaverskins' worth of goods their piles of furs would bring.

As more and more of the Indians heard of the forts, they came there to trade their furs. The animals soon learned the meaning of the guns and steel traps which the Indians were getting from the forts. The wild creatures living close to Hudson Bay were kept busy teaching their babies how careful they must be to escape the horrible new dangers that had come to them.

But as the country was so great, there were still hundreds and thousands of animals that had never yet heard a gun or been hunted for any other purpose than to feed or clothe the Indian.

Radisson and Groseilliers did not stay long with the Hudson's Bay Company, but went to the north-land again under the French flag. Their own countrymen had learned their mistake in turning them away, and had at last made them a fair offer. Afterwards the explorers left France and again served the Hudson's Bay Company. Radisson could not be happy unless he was exploring, and in order to have a chance to go again and again to the "Great Lone Land," he served first one country and then another. For this reason, before his work was over, both France and England called him disloyal, and accused him of being a deserter. But nothing can take from Radisson and Groseilliers the fame of the discovery of the Canadian North-West.

CHAPTER VI.

Pierre de la Verendrye.

WHILE the English were building their forts on the shores of Hudson Bay, the French from Canada were trading with the Indians between Lake Superior and the Ottawa River. They were also pushing their way on to the land Radisson and Groseilliers had discovered, and were thinking and talking of the North-west Passage to the Western Sea.

Far away on Lake Nepigon, in charge of the lonely fort, was a man named Pierre Verendrye, who came from Three Rivers and, like Radisson, wished to explore the unknown land. When the Indians came in with furs they related great stories of the country they had travelled through. These tales kept his mind busy until they came again. Verendrye did not believe all they told him, for in a letter to a friend he said, "These people are great liars, but now and then they do tell the truth."

He thought there might be some truth in a story one old chief told him about a great lake out of which a river flowed to the west. The chief said he himself went down this river in his canoe until he came to a place where the water ebbed and flowed. Thinking this was caused by some evil spirit, he turned back in fear. On his way home he met with Indians who told him of a great stretch of salt water beyond the river. The

chief drew for Verendrye a map of it all on birch-bark. Other Indians who heard the chief's story said they knew it was true.

Verendrye studied the map and questioned all the Indians he knew. They could tell him little more, except that to reach this strange place one must go through a flat, almost treeless country, where there were great herds of big wild animals like cattle. This was the buffalo's prairie playground of which Verendrye was hearing.

Three times he dreamed he had found the Northwest Passage and the Western Sea. No wonder he could not stay at the quiet little fort. He made up his mind he would go through the flat country and search for the Western Sea. Taking the old chief's map, he hurried down to Quebec, hoping the Governor could induce the French King to give him the needed supplies. The King would give nothing, but fortunately the Governor did the best he could for Verendrye by allowing him to have all the fur trade in the country he was going to explore.

Verendrye soon found merchants who were willing to advance all the supplies he needed, and who promised to await their pay until he sent back the furs. Then he prepared for the journey. On the 8th of June, 1731, he started away. Besides his Canadian voyageurs to manage the canoes, and his Indian interpreters to talk to the strange red men they were going to visit, he took with him his nephew, De la Jemmeraie, and his three sons, young men of sixteen, seventeen and eighteen years of age.

When out of hearing of the farewell chimes of the

church-bells, the voyageurs sang their boat-songs to drive away the homesick feeling and the dread of unknown dangers. But with all their gaiety they were not careless. They read the streaks of foam as you would read a book, and learned from them where were the rapids and the rocks. Many a time a single dip of the paddle saved a canoe. When the rough places were passed what a rest it must have been to them to hoist a blanket and sail before the wind. Still better was the rest at night when sleeping on the shore under a starry sky.

On the well-known fur-traders' route they met with but few difficulties, and reached the post called Fort Michilimackinac in good time. But on Lake Superior they were delayed by stormy weather, and it was late in August before they reached Kaministiquia, the most distant post. Thoughts of a lonely winter in a lonely land made the men homesick, and they urged Verendrye to turn back. However, half of them were persuaded to go on with his nephew and his son Jean, while the others remained at Lake Superior with Verendrye. Jean and his cousin went on to Rainy Lake and built a fort there, which they named Fort St. Pierre.

On the 8th of June, 1732, just one year from the day he had left home, Verendrye made his way from the old fort to the new fort which his son had built and named for him. The bright uniforms of some of his men won the admiration of the Indians gathered about the gateway. Verendrye gave ammunition to the chiefs, who in return presented him with fifty of their brightest-colored canoes, and offered to guide him on to the Lake of the Woods. Though Verendrye had just

arrived and his men were tired, he could not miss such a chance, so he and his men set out at once. When at last they reached the Lake of the Woods, they stopped to build a fort, which they named Fort St. Charles. Here they waited for Jean and his cousin, who had gone to Michilimackinac for supplies.

Days and weeks went by. October came, and the Indians went off to their hunting-grounds. November came. The lake was covered with ice, and the snow was deep in the forest. They were out of provisions. The fish which they caught through holes in the ice were their only food. They feared some accident must have happened their friends, on whose return everything depended. One day when all were feeling gloomy, discouraged, and hungry, they were aroused by the shouts of their long-looked-for friends, coming on snowshoes, and carrying goods in packs on their backs.

After a short rest Jean went on to build a fort on Lake Winnipeg, which the explorers had heard of from the Indians, and which Verendrye thought might be near the Western Sea. To his cousin was given a journey in the opposite direction. He must go down to Montreal and see the merchants about sending more goods. On his return he reported that the merchants were annoyed because more furs had not come to them, and declared that, instead of sending furs to those he owed, Verendrye was keeping them and secretly enriching himself. They refused to send him more goods until they received more furs.

Poor Verendrye knew that the Indians would not bring him furs or guide him to the Western Sea unless he had beads, hatchets, or guns to give them; so he

LAKE OF THE WOODS.

INDIAN TRAPPERS.

decided to go himself to Quebec and explain matters. Upon reaching there he found that the traders near home were jealous, and had been trying to injure him by telling falsehoods about him. By the time he was able to convince the merchants that he was doing his best, and had persuaded them to send more goods, it was too late to return that season.

He set out as early as possible the next year (1735). Regretting that during four years he had accomplished so little, he hurried on ahead of the supplies. Travelling so rapidly, with very little rest, must have been wearying to Father Aulneau, the chaplain of the expedition, who was taking his first journey into that country. But they all had a good rest at Fort Charles, on the Lake of the Woods, where they waited for the arrival of the supplies.

Meanwhile two of Verendrye's sons and their cousin started from Fort Maurepas, on Lake Winnipeg, to come down to him. On the way occurred one of the saddest incidents that can happen on those lonely journeys. There in the wilds, hundreds of miles from home, the cousin died. Jean and his brother wrapped the body in a hunter's robe and made a grave beside a lonely stream, marking the spot with a wooden cross. Thus did one white man lose his life in exploring the home of the animals and the Indians.

"One midst the forest of the West
By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest
Far in the cedar shade."

This sad death was a great shock to Verendrye, but

he would not give up, though he knew the same fate might befall them all. Other troubles followed thick and fast. The goods had not arrived, and the Indians would soon be coming in with furs and meat to trade. After thinking it all over, Jean Verendrye and Father Aulneau said they would go with some of the men to Fort Michilimackinac to hurry on the supplies that certainly must have reached there by this time. They set out on the 8th of June, but this was the year 1736, five years since they first left home.

The little party stopped on a pretty island for the night, and all went soundly to sleep, little dreaming that sly red men were creeping about their resting-place. These were the Sioux, sometimes called "tigers of the plain," the most cruel and warlike of all the North-West Indians. Just why they were spying about that night is a little story in itself. It seems that once when some Cree Indians had new guns and wanted to have a little fun with them, they fired at some Sioux Indians.

"Who fire?" asked the Sioux.

Thinking it would be a good joke to try to pass for the French, now that they had French guns, the Crees laughed and shouted back:

"The French."

The trouble was, they did pass for the French. The Sioux were angry, and said they would kill the first white man they found. So they watched this little band while they slept, and the next morning followed them on among the islands until they knew by the smoke of their camp-fire that they had stopped for breakfast. Then, without the slightest warning, the savages sprang

upon the unsuspecting Frenchmen, and not one was left alive.

Just nine days after that ill-fated little company set out, the supplies they were going for arrived. Three days later, friendly Indians, who had found the bodies of the Frenchmen, came to tell Verendrye what had happened. Father Aulneau was kneeling, they said, as if at morning prayer, when struck dead.

This Lake of the Woods tragedy was a terrible blow to poor Verendrye, and it was with a sad heart that in February, the coldest month of the cold northern winter, he set out for the little Fort Maurepas, the last fort that poor Jean had built. Across the cold, white, lonely land he tried to march with some pomp and order. The French flag was carried ahead, a few Frenchmen followed in bright soldiers' uniforms, and behind were some hundreds of Crees in their best fur clothes. For seventeen days they travelled in this way, and at night they slept on pine boughs round a camp-fire.

The bunnies and foxes that ventured out those cold days did not know what to make of it all. The fur-robed Indians they understood, and would be careful not to come too near to them; but the bright uniforms of the soldiers and that flag were entirely new. What had come to their land? They would scurry off, then pop up their heads to look at them again, and hurry away only to stop and look back once more. They could not unravel the mystery.

At last Verendrye came to Fort Maurepas. Like all the other forts, it was a small, low building of rough logs, the cracks filled with mud, and the roof made of

branches covered with moss and clay. With a warm fire in the centre, and soft furs for blankets and rugs, it was a welcome refuge for the tired men. As Verendrye rested there he must often have thought of his unfortunate son.

The Indians soon came to visit him, and learning that he was on a journey through their land, were all anxious to draw maps on birchbark and tell him about their travels. The one at whose map he looked the longest was a great hero among them. Some told him of the motion of the water in a lake farther on. It was really caused by the wind, but Verendrye, with the Western Sea on his mind, thought it might be the ebb and flow of the tide, and wanted to hurry on and see for himself.

Alas, for his hopes! The merchants in Montreal would not send him the goods he needed, and he had nothing to trade with the Indians. As soon as the ice was away in the spring he had to take the furs to Montreal himself. Then the merchants were so pleased with the fourteen canoe-loads he brought them that they gave him the supplies he wanted at once and started him off for more. By September he was back at Fort Maurepas preparing to set out for the junction of the Red and Assiniboine rivers, of which the Indians had told him.

Instead of the city of Winnipeg and the stretches of golden grain beyond, which one sees there now, Verendrye beheld the soft brown shades of the prairie grass, the herds of buffalo strolling about their playground, and the quaint wigwams of the picturesque red men.

Indeed the Indians and the animals had quite as beautiful a country then as the white men have now.

The Crees living there called Verendrye "Father," and told him how glad they were to have him come to them. They also gave him food, and talked about his son Jean, whom they had known. One chief in his speech said, "Our hearts are sick for thy son who came the first to build a fort on our lands. We loved him much; have once already been at war to avenge him. I have destroyed only ten huts of Sioux, which is not enough to satisfy us; but now our father has ordered us to keep quiet, and we will do so." This last he said because Verendrye, knowing the wisdom of keeping peace among the red men, had told him he should not fight the Sioux, even though they had killed Jean. At the very spot which is now a part of Winnipeg, the explorer built another little fort, which he named Fort Rouge (*rouge* being the French word for red). The Indians called the river the Red River because of the reddish color of the water and the red clay banks. This part of Winnipeg is still called Fort Rouge in memory of Verendrye's fort.

The Indians still told stories of a sea far to the west, and Verendrye determined to go in search of the sea, even though the cold winter would soon be upon him. The Indians begged him to stay with them until spring. They said the Assiniboine was low now, and so full of sand bars that he would be sure to break his canoes. They also told him that he would go among Indians who did not know how to kill a beaver, and who were so stupid that they would not know the French when they saw them. None of these things made the slightest

difference to Verendrye. The end of his rainbow was westward, and westward he would go.

Up the river he found game in great abundance, and wood in plenty for their camp-fires. After travelling for six days they came to the portage leading to what Verendrye called Lake of the Prairies. As it was impossible to travel farther by canoes, he stopped here and built Fort de la Reine, on the site of the present town of Portage la Prairie.

One day he met with some Assiniboines who were busy building an oven. He talked with them and gave them tobacco, axes, knives and awls. They received him with great pleasure, shed tears of joy, and promised to do wonderful things for him. They could tell him nothing of the Western Sea, but said the Mandan Indians, living farther south, knew of it. So what did Verendrye do but set out with his two sons and his men to visit the Mandans.

Though in a hurry, he could not travel as fast he wished, because the guides chose to go a roundabout way, visiting their friends and making long stops for which the white men could not see the reason. Almost at the very beginning of the journey, Verendrye was invited to visit a village of forty huts, and, as it would never do to offend the Indians, he was obliged to go and attend their feast and listen to their long speeches before he could travel on. So many pleasant autumn days were wasted that it was nearly December before he came to the Mandan villages.

The Mandans were very happy to receive him, and insisted upon carrying him into their village. In writing of this Verendrye said, "The Mandans would not

let me walk, but offered to carry me, to which I had to consent, being requested by the Assiniboines, who told me I would displease them greatly if I refused." Having plenty to eat, they made a grand feast, after which he smoked the peace-pipe with them. But of the Western Sea, of which Verendrye most wished to hear, they could tell him nothing, except that they knew of other tribes far west that lived beside a great water which was bitter to the taste.

The sea was still beyond his reach, and in the cold month of December he marched back to Fort de la Reine, travelling through the day over cold, bleak prairies, and sleeping at night on the snow. During this long return journey he was ill, and suffered greatly from cold and fatigue.

Discouragements came to him from all sides. Down in Montreal and Quebec his enemies said he owed them for goods, and that certainly he must be getting many furs and making himself rich instead of paying his debts. Finally those who had sent him a few cheap things to trade said they would seize everything he had, even the forts he had risked his life to build. Poor Verendrye had to go all the way back to Montreal to defend himself against his envious countrymen.

While he was in Montreal his sons travelled up the Saskatchewan River. Finding this was not going to take them to the sea, they took the long trip back to the Mandans, hoping to find guides to conduct them to that body of water which was "bitter to drink," and which they still thought might be the coveted Western Sea. They had some good meals there with the Mandans, and smoked many peace-pipes, but the Indians were

afraid of meeting their enemies and would not go with them. However, after a series of peace-pipes and more meals, they consented to guide them part of the way.

After a weary journey of many days they came to the Rocky Mountains, within what is now the United States. Young Pierre Verendrye meant to climb over the mountains and find the sea, little dreaming that hundreds of miles lay between him and the water that was "bitter to the taste." But his guides would go no farther, so he was obliged to turn back.

Meanwhile, in spite of all Verendrye could do in Montreal, the people would not believe him, and still persisted that he was a dishonest man. Another man was sent to fill his place. They might have saved themselves the trouble, for the new man could not get along with the Indians. They would not call him "Father," as they had called Verendrye, but disliked him and tried to drive him away.

The Governor had never really believed the stories told about Verendrye, and seeing no one else could fill the position so well, gave him permission to return. But that was not to be. Weary journeys, disappointments and discouragements had worn out the great explorer. Early in December, 1749, he died suddenly at Montreal while preparing to go again in search of the Western Sea. His enemies refused to give his sons the opportunity of carrying on their father's explorations, so his great work was left until others should take it up. Pierre Verendrye never found the end of his rainbow, but he was the first white man to travel over much of the wide North-West.

CHAPTER VII.

Samuel Hearne.

Far away on the shores of Hudson Bay the Great Company had been trading with the red men since Radisson's day, but of their Rupert's Land they knew little more than when they first received their charter. As the Indians had always come to the forts, the Company had not considered it necessary to send their men out to smoke the peace-pipe in the tepee homes, or to build trading-posts on the distant hunting-grounds, but let them sleep at the lonely Hudson Bay forts until the furs came in.

Such an easy way of keeping the right to the fur trade could not last. Now that the great explorer had led the way, French traders were going from Lake Superior inland, and Indians who had taken furs north to the Hudson's Bay Company were taking them south to the French.

When this condition of affairs was made known in England, many complained that the Company had not even tried to travel through their territory, nor had they made the slightest attempt to find the North-west Passage, which the French had never ceased to search for, and would certainly find first unless something were done. Besides, they said the Company had promised to try to make the Indians Christians, but so far had

only sent them a few prayer-books. The poor red men, seeing no use in books of prayers which they could not read, and which were addressed to the white man's God, of whom they knew nothing, were trading them off for sharp knives with which to scalp their enemies.

At last, upon hearing that there was some danger of their charter being taken away from them if they did not accomplish more, the Company awoke to action. No longer did they let their men sleep on the shores of the Hudson Bay, waiting for the Indians to come to them. New orders were sent across the ocean to Prince of Wales Fort, orders which made quite a commotion there on the summer day of 1769 when the boat arrived with mail from England. The Governor of the Fort was to send his bravest man out to smoke the peace-pipe with the Indians, to search for the North-west Passage, to explore a distant river, called "Far-off-metal River," and to discover the copper mine which the Indians said was to be found on the banks of that river.

All now was excitement at the little fort. The men were studying the Indians' birchbark maps, and asking of any Indians who happened in question after question about that "Far-off-metal River." One man studied the maps more intently than the others. His name was Samuel Hearne. It was he who had been chosen to go.

Hearne well knew the risks he ran in taking such a journey. He might starve in that unknown land, or be frozen to death when he reached the cold Arctic regions. Wolves might attack him when he was cold and hungry and could not fight them, or he might be hugged too tight by the great white Polar bear. On

the other hand, he might make the whole journey in safety, find the Far-off-metal River and the North-west Passage, make the great Company that he served worthy of the name of the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company, and find himself hailed as a hero.

Scarcely had day dawned on the cold, frosty 6th of November when the fort gates opened and Hearne with his two Indian guides and his hunters marched out, while the great cannon thundered a noisy good-bye. Away they went, facing the cold north wind, the Husky or Eskimo dogs drawing the heavy load on the long toboggan sleigh, while the bells jingled merrily.

Where there was not snow enough to pile up about them to keep the wind off at night, they would roll up in their blankets and sleep in the shelter of their sleigh, which they turned on edge. When they came to that great stretch of country called the "Barren Lands" there was nothing to stop the sweep of the cold wind over the frozen plain. Hearne and his men could get but little game, and scarcely wood enough to cook their meals. This tract of land was given its name because food is so scarce there that even the wild animals avoid it. The Indians call it "Little Sticks," because only small dwarf trees grow there.

Hearne's position was made more unpleasant by the conduct of the Indians, who were beginning to show that they did not wish to go on. Instead of hunting they were frightening what game there was away, so that he would be starved out of that cold land and have to turn back. They did worse than that. One morning he awoke just in time to see them going off with his guns, powder and shot, and hatchets. He called to

them. They made the woods ring with their laughter, but would not come back.

Without such things one cannot travel in a wilderness. Hearne, therefore, was obliged to go back to the Fort, snaring ptarmigan as he went to keep from starving. He arrived there on the 11th of December. Now, what was to be done? If he was to reach the Arctic regions in the summer—in which season only he could see something besides snow and ice—he must leave the Fort in the winter and run the risk of being frozen or starved on the way. He was not afraid to take the risk.

Late in February of 1770 he set out again with five men. This time the cannon were covered with snow; so was the wall, which they walked over on their snowshoes. All the shrubs were under the snow; only here and there a branch was stretching out through the drifts. It was no easy matter at night after their day's tramp to dig down, down, down to the moss which made both their fire and their bed.

When the snow became soft and heavy, travelling was very hard, and, as they were in the Barren Lands, they were often hungry. For days they had nothing to eat but cranberries. When at last they got a thin musk-ox, a rain came on and put out their fire, so that they could not cook it. The Indians ate it raw, but Hearne did not relish it that way.

There were other troubles besides hunger. The guides wanted to go back, declaring it was too late to reach the copper mine that summer; and all the Indians he happened to meet with worried him for something. They would ask for guns, powder, shot, tobacco and medicine. They seemed to think he was a walking

trading-post. When they found he had nothing for them they called him a "poor servant," not like the Governor at the Factory, who always gave them something; others offered him furs, as if he would think of increasing his load by carrying extra skins to the copper mines!

Sometimes they would meet with a poor starving Indian wandering on those barren plains. Hearne's Indians always made the unfortunate stranger welcome, sharing their food with him, no matter how little it was.

They had plenty of food when they began to meet the caribou on their spring march from the woods across the Barren Lands. Many Indian hunters then joined the travellers, and together they secured a good supply of meat. As the snow was now gone they could get plenty of moss for the fires to cook it.

Though Hearne had now no anxiety as to where his meals would come from, he was not without other troubles. About this time a serious accident happened. One day, when called to his dinner, he left his quadrant standing that he might learn more correctly what latitude he was in. A sudden gust of wind blew it over and it was broken by the fall. It was useless to go on with no instrument to take observations and to tell him where he was, so again he turned back. He had a hard journey home, for he was already so far north that the winter snows had begun. In one of the worst snowstorms he almost ran into Mattonabbae, an Indian chief, the Hudson's Bay Company's messenger to distant tribes, who was now on his way to Prince of Wales Fort. That night when they had piled the

dog-sleighs up to keep the wind off, and were able to talk, he told Hearne that he had failed because he had taken no women along. He said squaws were always needed on a long journey, to bring in the game that had been shot, and to attend to the camping and cooking, and that Hearne, being a white man, did not understand how much the Indian women could do. He himself was travelling with many squaws to drive the dog-sleighs and do the work.

When Hearne gave the chief some good tobacco he talked on, and finally told the white man he would guide him to the Far-off-metal River. Hearne was delighted that there was, at last, some chance of success. Without waiting for Mattonabbae, he hurried on ahead to the Fort that he might make ready for another start. With all his haste he did not reach there until late in November. In less than two weeks after his arrival at Prince of Wales Fort he made a third start. This time Mattonabbae led the way, and there were squaws among the Indians that went with him.

One little incident that happened before they had gone far taught Hearne something of the Indian customs. When Mattonabbae was out before, he had cached—that is, left in a safe place—some food, which he now wanted for the journey, but upon reaching the place where he had left it he found it gone. To Hearne's surprise the chief was not at all annoyed, but said that some starving hunter must have taken it —which to him was quite right, for Indians look upon food as common property.

On they went day after day, even though the time came when they had nothing to eat, and only snow

water to drink. All Christmas day, and for three days before, they were without food. But the Indians never once complained. On and on they went, travelling over the Barren Lands and facing the midwinter winds.

Just while Hearne was wondering whether he could stand the cold and hunger much longer, the Indians saw something that cheered them. Caught here and there in the branches of the shrubs were hairs which told the red men that game was not far away. The deer were now leaving their shelter in the woods, and it was not long before they were able to secure meat enough for the journey.

At last they came to the home of the Copper Indians, and Hearne, as he had been told to do, smoked the peace-pipe with them. These Indians were greatly interested in his journey. They lent him canoes and wanted to go with him. He was the first white man they had ever seen, and they came flocking round, examining him from head to foot; but they did not admire his white skin or consider him as good looking as themselves. "His hair," they said, "was like the stained hair of a buffalo's tail, and his eyes, being light, were like those of a gull." When he combed his hair they crowded about in hope of getting the hairs that came off on the comb, which they would wrap up carefully, saying, "White man, when I see you again I shall see your hair."

Farther on the Indians, choosing a favorable spot, left the women to make camp while they guided Hearne to the mouth of the river. As they travelled, Hearne noticed that in many places the earth had been turned over like ploughed land, and asked the Indians whether

it was caused by lightning. "No," they said, "we never have lightning here; the bears have done that hunting the ground for squirrels." Afterwards he saw huge stones which had been overturned by bears looking for a meal of these little animals.

The farther north they travelled the shorter the nights became, until, on the 21st of June, when the sun remained in view all night, Hearne knew that he had come within the Arctic Circle. There was much snow and ice, and the weather was cold, with a heavy fog. A few weeks later they came to the "Far-off-metal River." Though a little after midnight when they reached there, it was bright as mid-day, and Hearne could see all about him.

He soon learned that this river did not lead to any north-west passage; but he had no time to think of this disappointment, for his attention was drawn to the Indians, who were busy painting their faces red and black, and making queer-looking figures on their shields. Some said they were drawing the sun; others said the moon or some bird or beast of prey. Their works of art looked all about the same to Hearne, but these war-like preparations were arousing his suspicions. He begged them not to harm the Eskimos, whose homes on the Arctic coast they were nearing. They would not listen to him, however, but sent spies on ahead to see where the Eskimos' homes were. Finding they were near to them, they took off all their heavy clothing, and those who wore sleeves cut them out. Again Hearne begged them not to make an attack. They pushed him aside as one might a small dog. Some told him that he had better stay behind. This he would not do. Choos-

GROUP OF INDIAN CHILDREN.

GROUP OF ESKIMO CHILDREN.
(From a photo by J. W. Tyrrell.)

ing low ground, where they would be hidden by the rocks, they went on noiselessly like stealthy cats when hunting mice. In this way they neared the round-topped Eskimo tents.

Hearne saw the alarm birds flying back and forth from Indians to Eskimos, and hoped the Eskimos would know by this that enemies were approaching and take warning. But they either did not know the habit of this bird or were sleeping and did not hear the shrill notes.

Sounding the war-cry, the Indians dashed forward like savage wolves. The Eskimos, hearing them at the last moment, rushed out. Surprised and unarmed, they were surrounded. With their guns and spears the Indians killed all but a few who managed to get into their little skin kyacks (canoes), push them off with their double-bladed paddles, and thus make their escape.

Other tents were on the opposite side of the river, but as the Indians had left their canoes behind, they had to content themselves with firing across at them. The Eskimos had never seen firearms before, and instead of running away at once, stopped to pick up the bullets, not knowing they would harm them, until one was shot in the leg. Then they scrambled into their kyacks and paddled swiftly away. After the Indians had destroyed the Eskimos' homes, and had a good meal of salmon, followed by a long sleep, they turned their attention to the white man again, and announced that they were ready to go with him to the copper mines.

Poor Hearne was filled with grief and horror. He had wanted to meet the Eskimos, to become acquainted

with them, and to talk with them; but, more than all, he had been anxious that no blood should be shed on this his first journey to their land. He was too sorry now to care that on that bright July morning he was the first white man to stand on the shores of the Arctic Ocean; that he had taken possession of all the Arctic region for his Company, and had made himself a hero whose deeds would be told through all the years to come. At that moment he would have given up all the glory of his journey, and remained a commonplace trader in the sleepy little fort on Hudson Bay, rather than that such a dreadful calamity should have fallen upon those innocent people.

Nothing, however, could be undone now, so the next best thing was to go with the Indians to find the mine. After following the narrow winding Coppermine River (the Far-off-metal River), they came to the much-talked-of spot where the Indians got the bright metal. The red men told Hearne their legend which gave the reason why the copper was under the ground instead of lying on the surface, as they said they found it years before. According to this story it was an Indian woman who found the metal first, and who guided the other Indians back and forth when they wanted copper for their knives and hatchets. One day they made her angry, so when they had loaded themselves she refused to return with them, saying she would sit upon the mine until she sank into the ground, and that all the copper would sink in with her. When they came the next year she had sunk to her waist, but was still alive. She talked freely to them, still declaring she would take all the copper into the ground. By the next year she had quite

disappeared, and sure enough, most of the metal had gone in with her. Instead of great heaps, as before, only a few small pieces were found above ground. The Indians also believed that every lump of copper taken from the mine looked like some bird or beast.

Leaving the copper mines, they travelled at a rapid pace. When at last the smoke of moss fires told of the women's camps, the Indians stopped to take a kind of Turkish bath, which they made by covering over a little pond of water and throwing red-hot stones into it. In this each Indian bathed. They knew they had done wrong by killing the Eskimos, and they thought by making themselves very clean they would wash away the stain of that crime and be good again before they went to see their wives.

After joining the women the party prepared to start for home. They returned by way of the Athabasca country, thus enabling Hearne to do more exploring. Christmas they spent on the shore of Lake Athabasca. It was cold there, but they had plenty to eat, for it was the home of the buffalo, the beaver and the moose. They had, therefore, a very different Christmas from the one before, when they were starving on the Barren Lands.

On the shore of the lake called Athapapuskou they came upon a little hut where an Indian woman lived alone. Her companions had been killed, she told them, and she had not seen a soul for seven moons. All that time she had kept herself alive by hunting. How glad she must have been to see them! What strange hardships sometimes come upon these people in the wilderness!

Before leaving Athabasca, Hearne secured some fine furs and had rich loads to take back to Hudson Bay in the spring. On the last day of June he reached Prince of Wales Fort. This time he had been away travelling with the Indians for a year and a half. He had found the copper mines, and had smoked the peace-pipe with the Indians. Though he had failed to find the North-west Passage, yet his journey accomplished much, for it gave men a better idea of the extent of Rupert's Land. The members of the Hudson's Bay Company were pleased with his success, and very soon made him governor of Fort Prince of Wales. He is known to fame as the discoverer of the Coppermine River.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Discovery of the Mackenzie River.

FAR away, on a river flowing out of Lake Athabasca —which, you will remember, Samuel Hearne passed on his journey home from the Coppermine—a white man was travelling north. The river was rough and swollen, and many times he came to rapids which his men could not cross in their canoes, but were forced to land, unload, and carry their things past.

Before they had gone far they came to a fall, and again prepared to land. One canoe was whirled past the others. The squaw who was managing it alone did not notice the current until she was caught in its tide. Just in time she jumped out into the deep, cold water. A line was thrown to her and by means of it she saved herself; but the canoe was swept over the falls and dashed to pieces on a rock, and its valuable load of the white man's goods sank to the bottom of the river.

No one worried over the misfortune. The danger and wetting were nothing to the squaw, who was soon busy helping to carry another canoe. Though to the white man the loss was serious enough, he spent no time in lamenting, but was very glad that it was the goods, and not himself, that went to the bottom. He started his Indians on again as if nothing had happened. The red men were continually wanting to lie

on the shore, or to spend a few days hunting and a few in feasting. When he hurried them on they complained to him, saying, " It is hard, white man, it is hard."

Though it was only the fourth day of June, and the whole bright northern summer was before him, there was a reason for the white man's hurry. For many years explorers had been travelling in the land of the animals and Indians, but they had not yet found out how large it was, and this traveller had no idea how far he was going. The day before he had left his little trading-post to explore a great river of which he had heard. Where it would take him he did not know, so it was wise to waste no time.

He was exploring for the North-West Company, and had charge of their trading-post, Fort Chipewyan, on Lake Athabasca. This Company, composed of Montreal merchants, was formed in 1784, over thirty years after Verendrye's death.

A change had taken place in Canada since Verendrye's day. A great battle between the French and British had been fought at Quebec. The British were victorious, and Canada has ever since been a British colony. The members and traders of the North-West Company were Scotch or English, but most of the men who took the furs down to the St. Lawrence were the jolly French voyageurs.

The young man who lost the canoe, almost at the beginning of his long journey, was a Scotchman named Alexander Mackenzie. A few years before he had been sent to take charge of the dull little fort of Chipewyan. Trading with the Indians when they came in, shipping the furs away, sleeping, eating, writing letters, and

reading between times, was too quiet a life for him. What he most wanted was to explore the wild, unknown country. Now it happened that near the Fort were two great rivers. One came from the west, but just *where* he did not know. The other he did know flowed to a large lake north of Lake Athabasca; but out of that lake flowed a river, and where it went no one knew. It might lead to the North-west Passage! Mackenzie determined to follow the river to its mouth and see if this were so. The North-West Company were at this time too busy trying to get more furs than the Hudson's Bay Company to give him much help, but this did not prevent his journey.

By the month of June (1789) the Indians had finished their trading for the season and had gone back to their homes. The furs had been shipped away, and Mackenzie had the summer before him. This was the time he chose to start upon his journey. He took with him four Canadian voyageurs to manage the canoes, a few Indians to act as interpreters and to procure game, and a North-West Company clerk as his assistant. One of the Indians was called "English Chief." This was because he had done so much for the English and their interests at Hudson Bay. The chief insisted on taking two of his wives, and some of the voyageurs also had their Indian wives with them.

It was a slow, tiresome journey up the river to the lake, and they had many accidents besides the one at the fall where the canoe was lost. The men grew weary of the dangerous rocks and rapids, but as the hunters were fortunate in always getting plenty of game, they were sure of a refreshing supper when they landed for

the night. They must have been glad of the smoke from their camp-fire, for this gave them a little peace from the mosquitos that swarm in the northland during the summer. As early as two or three o'clock in the morning it was light enough to set out again, and Mackenzie never failed to waken them all. No wonder the Indians grumbled at such travelling!

Upon reaching the lake they found it still so full of ice that they were obliged to wait for it to break up. While waiting there Mackenzie and his men caught plenty of fish. Wild fowl, too, were numerous; great flocks of beautiful swans, geese and ducks were flying all about them. Although there was so much ice in the lake, they found ripe berries and wild onions, which made a pleasant change from fish and meat. Mackenzie pleased his Indian visitors by telling them that the white man would come again to build a fort, and would stay always to trade with them.

This lake is called Great Slave Lake, and the river by which they came to it is the Slave River. This name was given the lake because one time, in days gone by, when red men in the North were at war, a tribe was defeated by other tribes and driven near its shores. In scorn the conquerors called them Slavi, meaning Slave. This name still clings to them, though they declare their name to be Tenni, meaning the people. From the Indians living along the shore the name Slave passed to the lake and river.

About the 21st of June the ice had broken up so that they were able to start on their canoe journey across the lake. On one of the small islands they saw a herd of reindeer that had come over on the ice; as the ice

was now gone, the wolves could not get at them, so it was a safe place to keep their baby reindeer. One of the men called it Isle de Carrebœuf, and so Mackenzie gave the island that name. It was near here that he sat up through the night to see the sun set and rise. He found that it was out of sight for exactly four hours and twenty minutes.

Mackenzie had some trouble in finding his way out of the lake and into the river he had come to explore. An Indian of the Red Knife tribe had been engaged to guide them, but, having a poor idea of the way, took them to the north-east side of the lake, and ran the canoe into the rushes on the shore before they found no river was there. English Chief was so angry at the Red Knife Indian for trying to guide them, when he did not know the way himself, that he said he would murder him. But the Red Knife Indian declared he had come to that very place through the woods from the river, and that they could not be far from the mouth of the latter. So they started again, going now in a south-westerly direction, and in time reached the river into which the Slave Lake empties. Down this great stream they turned their canoes. English Chief was so happy now that he forgot his threat to murder the Indian guide.

On and on they travelled, farther and farther into the northern homes of the red men. Sometimes when they landed for the night they would be caught in a rainstorm and soaked before they could get any shelter. They were always expecting to come to falls, of which they had heard from the Indians, and were continually on the lookout. At times they even imagined they could hear the roaring of falling water on ahead.

Farther down the river they came to some Indians who were terrified and ran away at the sight of the white men. But there were a few who did not get away in time, and Mackenzie's Indians told them not to be afraid, and gave them beads, knives, hatchets and rings. Mackenzie presented them with tobacco, and taught them how to smoke. After this they were not so terror-stricken, and were persuaded to tell what they knew about the river.

Their story was not encouraging. They said it was so far to the river mouth that they would all be old before they could get there; that they would come to two impassable falls, and that they would meet with all sorts of dangerous monsters. They even described an island where they said a spirit lived waiting to swallow anyone who went by. They entertained the white men with a dance, which was like hopping about to an accompaniment of two or three notes which they considered singing. Each performer held a bone over his head, and beat time by moving it about.

These Indians were dressed in the skins of moose or reindeer, and were decorated with bracelets of wood, horn or bone. Most of them wore their hair long, but a few who tried to be very fine let only part of it hang down their backs and wore the rest of it short round the sides of their heads. Mackenzie thought they were very ugly and dirty. They lived in rude tepees, built so that one faced another and a fire between would do for both. Their axes were made out of a kind of grey stone. They made their dishes out of wood and horn, and boiled water by throwing red-hot stones into it. They kindled their fires by striking together a piece of

iron pyrites and a piece of flint stone over lightwood. These things they carried with them as we do matches, and so could make a fire at any time. The iron for their knives they got by trading furs with other Indians. They had very small bark canoes, but the paddles they used were large and strong.

Mackenzie was not alarmed by the stories the Indians told him of the river, but the guide he brought with him from Slave Lake was greatly frightened and declared he would turn back. As they could not do without him, they took him along by force. They also got one of the Indians living there to go with them, as he knew something of the river and the Indians they might meet. To induce him to go they had to give him a kettle, a knife, and an axe, but even then he did not stay with them for any length of time. Mackenzie soon found out he would have to get a new guide from almost every band of Indians he came to, as he could never keep the same one long.

As they travelled on and on, day after day, down the great river, and found no sea, the men became discouraged. Mackenzie had to promise that if they did not come to salt water in seven days he would turn back. Even then, to keep English Chief content, he had to give him one of his best coats, and to the guide he gave a mooseskin. In spite of this, however, it was not long before the guide went off in the night; but he was so honest as to leave the mooseskin, which he knew he had not yet earned.

After such proof of their honesty, Mackenzie was much surprised one night, when he sat up to write by the midnight sun, to find that he had to watch the Indians to keep them away from the meat he was boil-

ing for breakfast. He learned in time that to them this was not stealing, for they considered food common property. According to their ideas, his pot of meat belonged to anyone who happened to be hungry.

As they travelled on, the Indians they met with talked differently, but as English Chief could understand them, they knew that all languages spoken in that part were somewhat alike. Usually when the natives saw them coming they would hurry the women and children away to the woods, hide all their things, and have their bows and arrows ready. Mackenzie always gave them presents, and made them understand he had come in peace, and did not mean to carry off their treasures or their babies. He found that the presents they liked best were the big blue beads. Sometimes they were afraid of his gun, but his Indians told them he used it only to shoot game, and had no intention of hurting them with it.

Though the current was so strong that they were going at the rate of sixty or seventy miles a day, the river was becoming broad like a lake. Would they come to a lake, with other unknown rivers beyond? Would the winter, the cold northern winter, be upon them before they could reach the sea, or were they coming to it now? Anxiously they watched as they paddled farther and farther into the north, where the summer sun shines bright at midnight. One of the men, waking up in the middle of the night, forgot where he was, and thinking that because the sun was shining it was morning, he called the others up to breakfast. The sleepy men were angry at having their short rest disturbed, and saw that he was not allowed to call them the next morning.

For several days early in July they fancied they could smell salt water. One evening they went to bed as usual on dry ground. In the night they made the discovery that the ground was covered with water and the baggage was floating upon it. Hurriedly, but with glad hearts, they moved back from the rising tide. They had come at last to the Arctic Ocean!

A little farther on they saw the whales swimming about. Never stopping to think that the whales could easily smash their little canoes, they went after them, but fortunately they could not catch up to the big sea monsters. On the shore they erected a large post with the date, July 14th, 1789, and under it carved the names of all who had made the trip.

Mackenzie wished very much to see the Eskimos, but as none could be found, his Indians said they were probably all away hunting whales; so he had to content himself with looking at their village of vacant huts. Both Mackenzie and Hearne, the first white men to reach the Arctic coast, were unfortunate in not becoming acquainted with these people.

Though the travellers were only six weeks in reaching the Arctic coast, it took them eight weeks to return, for they were now going against the current of the river. In many places they had to "track" with the tow-lines, and in walking along the shore often sank to their waists in the moss of the beaver-meadows. It was the 12th of September when Mackenzie got back to Fort Chipewyan. He knew now where the river flowed. He had traced it to its mouth, and proved that it did not lead to a passage to the Western Sea. In honor of his discovery the great river was named for him, and it will ever perpetuate his memory.

CHAPTER IX.

Alexander Mackenzie Crosses the Continent.

THOUGH Alexander Mackenzie had won the right to be called a great explorer, the North-West Company had as yet taken little notice of him or his discovery. Nor could he arouse them to take much interest in another long journey of his dreams. They had other things to think of. For some years the Hudson's Bay Company, now thoroughly wide awake, had been extending their trade inland from Hudson Bay. A little west of the northern shore of Lake Winnipeg they had built a large central trading-post, called Fort Cumberland, and far west, on the Saskatchewan River, was their Edmonton House, where every year load upon load of furs was traded from the Indian hunters. By this time the North-West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company were fighting each other, not with guns and tomahawks, but with trading-posts, fur-traders, and the goods the Indians liked best.

They fought this way: The North-West Company would build a fort on the route the Indians took to a Hudson's Bay Company post. There they would watch for the passing Indians, and coax them to trade with them. They would tell them how much better their blue beads and red handkerchiefs were; that they could shoot straighter with their guns, and that they would get so much more for a beaverskin than they would

from the Hudson's Bay Company. The Hudson's Bay Company would learn of this, and straightway build a fort a little beyond the North-West Company's trading-post, where they could meet the Indians first and tell them very much the same sort of story. Both companies did worse than this. Both gave them whiskey to keep their trade, although they knew how injurious it was to the Indians, and how dangerous it made them.

However, in spite of the rivalry, Alexander Mackenzie managed to have someone else placed in charge of Fort Chipewyan, while he went over to England to study surveying. He wanted also to secure new instruments, that he might be better able to take correct observations to show the latitude and longitude of the places he travelled through. Upon his return he prepared for his western journey. No one had yet crossed the continent to the Western Sea, nor even climbed over the great mountains to find what was beyond. They did know by this time that America was no narrow strip of land. They were quite over their surprise at the extent of the red man's country, but sometimes, when not too busy with the fur trade, they wondered how wide the New World really was, and how far it could be across to the Western Sea. Alexander Mackenzie said he would go and find out. In the fall of the year 1792 he began his journey by ascending the great Peace River, of which he had been thinking for so long. He went up this river past the most westerly fur post, and spent the winter there so that he might make an early start in the spring. On the 9th of May he set out upon his travels into the unknown West. He was accom-

panied by his assistant, Alexander McKay, six Canadians, two Indians, and his dog. They took only one canoe, which, though twenty-five feet long, was so light that it could be easily carried over portages or past rapids and dangerous rocks.

During the long and difficult journey Mackenzie had much to interest him. Often he met Indians who told him something of the country ahead. He was able also to study the habits of the wild animals of that lonely land. He says they passed acres and acres where the large poplar trees had been cut down by the beavers to build their dams and lodges. The charming scenery through which they were passing was a constant delight. The most magnificent sight that met their eyes was the great mountain range with its snowy summits gleaming in the sun.

Among those mountains the travellers met with their greatest dangers. They were often in great peril when towing their canoes up the rough, rocky stream. In some places, between the precipice and the deep water, there was only a narrow slippery ledge for the men to walk upon, and bits of rock were falling all about them. Mackenzie wrote of that part of the journey: "One false step of those who were attached to the line, or the breaking of the line itself, would at once have consigned the canoe, and everything it contained, to instant destruction. . . . For stones both small and great were constantly rolling from the bank, rendering the situation of those who were dragging the canoe beneath it extremely perilous." No wonder they thought of the stories the Indians had told about the spirits whispering with the wind in the night, and throwing stones down at them if they ventured to pass.

In some places even this mode of travelling was impossible, and canoe and baggage were carried. Climbing rocks and struggling up hills with loads on their backs tired the men, wore out their moccasins, and hurt their feet. For one long stretch the way was so rough that someone had to go ahead and cut down the trees and branches to clear a road. It was Mackenzie who did the most of this, for the men were tired and grumbled much over their difficulties. It was so cold among the snow-capped mountains that frequently they shivered beside a fire while taking their suppers. Their night's rest was always welcome, although they awoke stiff and chilly in the morning.

When past the mountains they had a long weary tramp. On their way they met bands of Indians, who were frightened at first and ran away, but were usually induced to come to Mackenzie for the presents he offered. At last the travellers came to a large river, which Mackenzie decided to follow, hoping it would take him to the sea. The rocks and rapids they had to pass discouraged the men, but Mackenzie did his best to keep up their spirits. Before they had gone far they saw Indians on the banks, flourishing their arrows as if they thought the white men were enemies. After the interpreters had talked to them, however, and Mackenzie had given them beads and a looking-glass, and the children some sugar, they became quite friendly, and two of them went with him as guides. Soon they came to other Indians, who were most friendly after they learned Mackenzie would not harm them. They were much interested in his gun, and to show it off and to entertain them he shot a duck which was flying near.

Farther on, at the home of other Indians, Mackenzie was able to get some information about the river. An old man drew a sketch on a piece of birch-bark, showing dangerous cataracts and falls ahead. He told of a route, across the land to the sea, which began a short distance back, and was a much shorter and easier way than following the rough, winding river. Mackenzie could not make up his mind what was best to do. Nearly all night he lay awake thinking about it. In the morning he began to ask more questions, when to his surprise the Indian said, "Why are you asking so many questions? Do not white people know everything?" Now, the more a white man knows the more an Indian thinks of him, and Mackenzie was a little puzzled how to answer and keep the good opinion of this Indian. At last he replied by saying that he knew where he was, and where the sea was, but he was not sure of the easiest way to reach it.

Mackenzie finally decided to take the old man's advice and go back to the trail which led across the country. As soon as the guide heard this he proposed to take a short route overland to his home, that he might have more time to prepare for the journey. Mackenzie let him go, but he thought it safer to send McKay and two of the men with him. By the time Mackenzie had travelled up the river to the camp where the Indians had been so friendly when he passed through there before, none were to be seen, not even the guide. McKay and the two men appeared alone, with terror-stricken faces. They stated that the guide had taken them along at a terrible pace, and that at the camp they

had found the huts empty and things lying about as if the Indians had gone off in a panic. The guide had at once rushed into the woods after the others. Upon hearing this the men were frightened, for they thought the Indians must be preparing to attack them. They wanted to turn back, and, as Mackenzie said, their cry was, "Let us re-embark and be gone." But their brave leader, who had no intention of returning yet, ordered them to unload the canoe.

At about midnight of the second day after their return to this place, a noise was heard that greatly alarmed the men, especially as the dog kept barking and running back and forth in the edge of the woods. A little later the sentinel said a man seemed to be creeping about on his hands and feet not far from them. This increased their alarm, as they felt sure he was an Indian spy who had come to learn where they were, so that the whole band might fall upon them. Mackenzie tried in vain to make them believe it was a bear.

When daylight came they found only a poor old blind, gray-headed Indian, who, unable to get away with the others, had been hiding near until that night, when he crawled out in search of something to eat. He trembled with fright when Mackenzie touched him. They led him to their fire and gave him food, and when at last they persuaded him to talk, he said that some Indians had told them that the white men were dangerous enemies, and that when his people saw the white strangers coming back so soon, after informing them they were going down the river and would not return for many moons, they ran away in terror, thinking the travellers were surely enemies and had come back

to take them unawares and kill them with their wonderful guns. Mackenzie was sorry now that he had fired off the gun for them, and made up his mind that he would not entertain strange Indians that way again. So it happened that both Indians and white men had been afraid and thought it necessary to be on the watch.

Resuming their journey, they travelled on some distance, till they came to the mouth of a small river which seemed to be the place where the Indians took the trail through the woods. But what could they do without a guide? They might lose their way, or, with no one to tell they were friendly white men, they might be killed by the next Indians they met. As they were wondering what they were going to do, they saw two canoes coming towards them, and were delighted to find that it was the guide returning with some of his friends. He was so gay in a gaudily-painted beaver-robe that they all believed him when he said he had been getting ready for the journey. As a reward for coming back, Mackenzie gave him a bright handkerchief and a jacket.

They now left the canoe and everything they could do without, and with packs on their backs started on their overland journey. The Indians they met with gave them much help by supplying guides from among their young men to take them on from one encampment to another. There was one great trouble with the Indian guides; they were inclined to run off in the night, leaving the poor white men with no one to introduce them at the next village. Mackenzie made up his mind one day that he would put a stop to this by sleeping under the same covering with his guide. This one happened to be a very stylish Indian, and, in accordance with the

latest fashion, had his body thickly smeared with red earth and his hair thick and sticky with fish oil. Poor Mackenzie found it quite impossible to go to sleep beside him! However, he thought it better to be kept awake by the odor of the Indian's finery than to be left without a guide in the morning.

Fish were very plentiful in all the streams and rivers, and so the Indians they met had plenty to eat. Some of them would not hunt the animals for food, and when they saw one of Mackenzie's men throw a bone into the river, a young brave went in and brought it out, for they were afraid the sight of the bone would drive the fish away. They caught the fish by placing large traps, made of split wood, in the river. Each trap had a small opening, and was made in such a way that when the fish were once in they could not get out.

At one village an axe disappeared. The Indians pretended to know nothing about it until Mackenzie sat down and made signs that he would not go on until he got it. It was then pulled out from under the chief's canoe. After leaving another village they missed the dog. Though they called and called he did not come, and they feared they would never see him again.

By this time they were going down a river in an Indian canoe and nearing the ocean. They saw the sea-gulls, the porpoises, and the beautiful sea-otters; and at last they beheld the ebb and flow of the tide of that Western Sea, the Pacific Ocean, which Verendrye had spent his life in seeking.

On the coast the travellers found the Indians by no means friendly. One young Indian was particularly troublesome, and kept hanging about, calling out to the

white men that he had once been shot at by men of their color, and acting as if he wished to do them some injury. He persisted in getting into the canoe with Mackenzie, and he tried to get his hat, handkerchief, and everything else he saw. Later the guide heard that the natives were going to attack them with spears. His story terrified the men, and they wanted to turn back. But though they had to take refuge on a rock all night, Mackenzie would not leave until he had taken observations to find out what latitude and longitude he was in. Before leaving the Pacific the explorer mixed some vermilion with grease and wrote in large letters, on a rock overhanging the sea, "ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, FROM CANADA BY LAND, THE TWENTY-SECOND OF JULY, ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-THREE."

You will be glad to know that on the way back they found the dog. The poor creature acted as if he were crazy when they first came to him, but after they had given him food and patted him he knew them again, and jumped about, wagging his tail in the greatest delight. The Indians from the village near where they had lost him said he had been howling about ever since they had passed there.

When Mackenzie's name is praised in many lands, and histories keep afresh in our minds the story of his great deeds, surely the children will give a little glory to the dog that did all a dog could do to help. He cheered the men, warned them of danger, barked all one night because he knew a wolf was near, and, though tired and footsore, followed his master on the long journey, through hardships and dangers, to find the path across the great continent, the long-talked-of passage to the Western Sea.

HENRY HUDSON.

SAMUEL HEARNE.

CAPTAIN COOK.

CAPTAIN VANCOUVER.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

SIMON FRASER.

FAMOUS EXPLORERS.

CHAPTER X.

Explorers on the Pacific.

Though Alexander Mackenzie was the first white man to reach the Pacific coast of North America by land, he was not the first white man to see that shore. Daring sailors, by a long ocean voyage, had reached it before him. For many years the Spaniards had been on the Pacific coast of America. They sailed to the Isthmus of Panama, and crossed on a narrow neck of land between North and South America. On the Isthmus they built a stronghold to keep other nations back, and felt quite sure that in this way they could have the whole Pacific coast to themselves. They had ports all along the coast, and ships to carry home the gold and silver from the mines.

In the year 1577 a young man named Francis Drake set out from England with five vessels bound for the Pacific coast, determined to show Spain that England, too, would sail that sea. Queen Elizabeth, who ruled in England then, presented him with a sword on which were the words, "Who striketh thee, Drake, striketh us," and with that he sailed away, straight to the south of South America.

Strong westerly winds were blowing, and dangerous waves filled the Strait of Magellan. But Drake was determined to reach the Pacific by this route, and through the stormy strait he went. Of the five ships

that started, only three reached the strait and only the one that he was in, the *Golden Hind,* passed through in safety.

Drake then sailed north along the Pacific coast. A Spanish vessel saw him coming, and, thinking him a messenger from Spain, was preparing to give him a grand reception, when he sailed up and captured the ship. On he went, capturing other ships and seizing the silver and gold from the Spaniards before they could get over their surprise at seeing an English vessel on the sea they claimed as their own.

When ready to go home he dare not turn about and sail down that coast, for he knew they would not let him pass them again. So he sailed north, past all the Spanish possessions, up along the Pacific coast to what is now the United States; then westward through the Pacific and Indian oceans, round the Cape of Good Hope, and back to England.

Drake was a great hero then, for he had sailed round the world, and had been on the Pacific coast farther north than the Spaniards. Queen Elizabeth dined on his ship, and made him one of her knights. Throughout all England was heard the name and fame of Sir Francis Drake, who had sailed round the world.

Bering.

Over one hundred and fifty years later, a man crossed from Russia to the Pacific coast of America. If you look at the map of the world you will see how near Asia comes to America, and that the part which so nearly touches the new continent is the north-eastern coast of Russia. At St. Petersburg, the capital of Russia,

strange stories had been told of driftwood that had never grown in Asia, but which had been picked up on that north-eastern coast; and of whales that had been found there with weapons in them that had not been made in Asia. The Russians had no idea that America stretched north-east so near their own country, but thought that between Asia and the America they had heard of there must be some unknown land from which these things had drifted, and they began to call it Gamoland. Though no one had found this Gamoland, they put it on their maps. They then sent a man named Vitus Bering, a stout-hearted Danish navigator, out from St. Petersburg to cross over from Asia and explore this part of the world.

Poor Bering, what a journey he had! Before he could reach the shore and start out in his ships he had to travel six thousand miles by land, much of that distance through cold, dreary Siberia. He and his men were years going over that trackless country, climbing the mountain ranges and crossing the rivers. Horses, dogs, and even men, died from the hardships. Crowds of timber-wolves followed at their heels waiting to devour them. But Bering kept bravely on until he reached Kamchatka, where Asia borders on the Pacific.

From Kamchatka he set out with two boats to learn what really lay between Asia and America. As you know, they found no Gamoland, but they did find the coast-line of America. Bering passed the great snow-capped mountain of St. Elias, saw the bright light from volcanoes, and gazed on the huge icebergs that in the sunset were all aglow with brilliant hues. They

anchored by an island. Provisions were running short and many of the men were ill, so Bering ordered them to steer homeward.

They were now skirting the Peninsula of Alaska, of which they had never heard, and they could not make out where they were and why they did not get away from the coast-line. The breakers roared. Storms drove them on. The fog fell, and they could not see where they were going. Still the ship sped on—but where? They could only hope that they were nearing Kamchatka. Days went drearily by. The sky cleared, and the cheery cry rang out, "Land ahead!" Even those who were ill crawled on deck to look. Alas! it was not Kamchatka, but an island. As they had no idea how near they were to the home shore, and as winter was coming, they prepared to spend the long, cold, dreary season there. Sea-cows gazed up from their sea-weed in amazement, and hungry foxes swarmed round. Man was still a stranger to them, and they had no fear. Soon the winds began to roar, blowing such hurricanes that when on shore the men had to crawl on their hands and feet. One breaker washed their boat away. They could only look on in horror, while thoughts of a life-time on that dreary island flashed through every mind; but, fortunately, another wave drove the boat high and dry on the land.

Deep down in the sand the men dug pits, which they roofed over with peat, branches and sand. Poor Bering was ill with scurvy. His men wrapped him in fur and put him in the deepest, warmest pit. Here the sand caved in about him, pressing the fur covering closer and keeping out the cold. As the season advanced he

grew worse, and in the cold month of December he died in his cheerless sand-pit. Sadly the men buried the body of their leader on the lonely island. Before starting home in the spring they placed a wooden cross above his grave. To this day a cross like it is kept upon that spot, and the island bears his name.

Bering had learned there was no Gamoland, and no open-water passage north of America. He had discovered the North Pacific coast of that new continent, and his name was given to the sea and strait between Asia and America.

But these honors did not come to his name at once. The Russians, who had never seen America, nor the Pacific coast, declared that Bering, who had lost his life in discovery, was all wrong. They said that what he took to be the coast-line must have been islands; that the fog was too heavy for him to find the water passage to the Atlantic; that he was too homesick and ill with scurvy to search as he should have done for the North-west Passage. Other countries had much the same opinion. Even England offered a prize for its discovery.

Cook.

The Pacific coast of Canada was first explored by an Englishman. While Verendrye at his lonely trading-post was studying birch-bark maps and dreaming of the Western Sea, a little boy named James Cook lived in a tiny thatch-roofed cottage in England. As the family was large, and the father a poor man, James could not be sent to school until he was over twelve

years old. He learned so quickly then that he soon passed the others and became head of the school.

At this time all England was talking of the North-west Passage and the mystery of the unexplored seas, and the boy heard stories of roaring waves, of burning mountains, of sea-cows, and of beautiful sea-otters, until he longed with all his heart to be a sailor. But, like Columbus, another profession was chosen for him. His father sent him to a shop to learn to be an ordinary shop-keeper. James never meant to stay there. It is said that in less than two years he was out of the shop working on a coal-boat, and so grimy and black that his own people would not have known him. But what did that matter? He was working his way up.

Years went by. The English still talked of the North-west Passage and the Pacific coast, and Drake's voyage was not forgotten. At last came a time when they decided to send out an expedition to explore the north-west coast of America, to search for the North-west Passage and to find out for a certainty how the coast-line lay. The commander chosen for this important expedition was Captain James Cook, once the boy on the grimy coal-boat, but now one of the most highly honored sea-captains in England.

In the summer of 1776 Cook set out upon his journey and sailed round the Cape of Good Hope. He could not go direct to America, for he had a load of sheep, pigs, and goats to put off at New Zealand, and it was almost two years before he reached the new continent. During that time he made up his mind to try for the twenty thousand pounds' reward which Eng-

land had offered for the discovery of the open-water passage through America.

In the month of March, 1778, Captain Cook began to see signs of the new land. He meant first to explore the Strait of Juan de Fuca, which he named after the Greek pilot who had lived years before and had declared that he had discovered such a strait; but he was too far out to find the opening, and a storm drove him northward. When the sky cleared he saw the shore of what is now Vancouver Island.

Discovering a calm bay, the navigator turned in. Indians came out in canoes to meet him, scattering white feathers in the air as a sign of peace, and singing a song of welcome as they slowly advanced. One Indian, whom Cook took to be the chief, was most elaborately painted; his hair was decorated with many feathers, and on his canoe was carved an enormous head. He made a long speech during which he shook a rattle in each hand. The white men did not understand a word he said, for, coming by sea as they did, they had had no chance to get interpreters. However, they took his speech to be an invitation to land.

Cook did not know that he had come to a great island which would afterwards be called Vancouver, but thought he was on the shore of the mainland. He learned that the Indians called the bay Nootka, after their tribe, a name it still bears.

Though the Indians showed but little surprise at the white strangers, some stayed beside the big boat all night. They all wished to trade with the white men, but what they wanted most was any kind of metal. They were glad to give the sailors beaverskins for the

brass buttons on their clothes. These buttons they would at once use to decorate their noses and ears. When the white men began to repair their boat, they came crowding about to bargain for the old rusty nails, and Cook and his men soon had a valuable pile of beaverskins that would make them rich in other lands, though very few had any buttons left to wear home to England, and not an old rusty nail was to be found about the ship!

These Indians had elaborate costumes. Most of them wore caps made of matting, shaped like a flower-pot turned upside down, and garments trimmed at the upper edge with fur and at the lower edge with fringe. Over this, when it was not too hot, they wore their bear or sea-otter robes. Some had bracelets of sea-shells, and all had feathers in their hair.

They did much singing for their visitors, keeping time with their paddles or their hands. Their voices were soft and sweet, and the singing was like church music. They gave the white men no trouble, except that a few of the weaker ones could not resist the temptation of trying to steal the wonderful things on the big boat.

Cook was delighted to see that two of the Indians had spoons which white men had made. They wore these spoons as ornaments strung about their necks. It never occurred to him that they might get the spoons from the Spaniards to the south, or from the Russian traders who had followed Bering to the north; but he felt sure they had got them from the Hudson Bay traders whom they had reached by means of a water passage. He hurried on the repairs of the boat that he

might search for that passage. Going ashore for wood was pleasure as well as work for the men. They were never tired of wandering through the magnificent forests, or of gazing at the hills covered with evergreen trees.

Before the 1st of May Cook was ready to start northward and continue his exploring. Indians crowded round to say good-bye and to give and receive presents. The chief who had welcomed him on his arrival there was among the last to leave the ship. As a parting gift he gave Cook his new beaverskin robe, and was made perfectly happy when Cook in return presented him with his broadsword.

Had Cook known how truly the porpoises could foretell bad weather he would have listened to their warning and stayed in port longer. No sooner was he fairly started than a storm came up, and he did not see land again for several days. Far north he sailed now, where Bering had been. He saw the great snow-capped mount of St. Elias reaching up to the clouds, and the bright lights from the burning volcanoes which Bering had gazed upon. He saw the rocks and icebergs and heard the breakers roar.

Though there were no lighthouses to warn him of the dangerous coast in foggy weather, he was not shipwrecked, for the walruses were there, lying upon the ice or rocks in herds of many hundreds. Their roaring could be heard at a great distance, and at night, or in a heavy fog, the sailors knew by that noise when they were near dangerous rocks. Some of the walruses were always on the watch, and if a boat came near would waken those beside them, and in that way the alarm

was passed along. They thus served as fog-horns for the Indians and the early explorers.

If you look at the map of Alaska you will see Cook's Inlet. It was there that he thought he had come to a water passage through the continent. He sailed up the inlet until he found to his disappointment that it ended in a river. Afterwards he went through Bering Sea and Bering Strait and learned that Bering was right when he declared that there was no water passage which would take ships through to the Atlantic.

He then turned his course from these cold regions of fogs, storms and icebergs toward the warm Sandwich Islands. Poor Cook never reached England again. He had not been wise in his treatment of the natives of the Sandwich Islands, and was killed by them while stopping there on his way home.

Vancouver.

The search for rich furs brought many Spanish and Russian fur-traders to the west coast of America, and after Cook's voyage there was some trouble at Nootka. The Spaniards seized the ship and little fort of Captain Meares, an English fur-trader. The English became alarmed, fearing that Spain and Russia would have all the coast, and that in spite of Cook's discovery England would be left with no foothold on that coast.

Captain George Vancouver was then sent to this western coast to look after the rights of England. He was also to search for the water passage, for Cook's report that there was none had met with much the same fate as Bering's. People said Cook could not find it because he was too busy trading rusty nails for furs.

Captain Vancouver had been with Cook, and knew that he was right; so when he found that he was to go again, he declared that he would explore the North-West so thoroughly that all the world would have to admit there was no open-water passage.

In the spring of 1791 he reached the western coast of America. First he explored Juan de Fuca Strait, and learned for himself that it was between the mainland and a great island. The huge mountain peak, which in clear weather is seen from many miles out at sea, he named Mount Baker, after his lieutenant, who was first to catch sight of it. They also discovered Puget Sound, and named it for one of the men.

Afterwards he went round to Nootka to meet the Spaniard, Don Quadra. Indians came in their painted and carved canoes to see him off. On his way he passed some of their villages of square log houses, built in rows as straight as a white man's street. As he neared Nootka his vessel and Don Quadra's saluted each other with a great roar of guns. Vancouver then sent Don Quadra an invitation to breakfast with him on his ship, the *Discovery*.

Now the great Indian chief Maquinna had been watching what was going on, and made up his mind that he was not going to have white men come to his country and give breakfasts without inviting him. He went out in his canoe and climbed aboard the *Discovery*. As it was a warm day, he was not wearing his sea-otter robe, or his gay paint and feathers, and the sailors who saw him coming had no idea he was the chief, but supposing him to be only some ordinary, inquisitive Indian, tumbled him overboard. Maquinna was now doubly

insulted, and made sure that the " white chiefs " should hear what had happened and how he felt about it.

" It will never do to offend the Indians," thought the white men. So when Don Quadra gave a dinner for the English, a special invitation was sent Maquinna. Afterwards Vancouver and Don Quadra visited his village, and Don Quadra gave a dinner there and took the chief's daughter to the feast. Maquinna was flattered by the attention and forgot the incident of the morning. Later he returned the visit in the most amiable manner. Indeed he and his family came to see the white men so often, and stayed so late, that Vancouver became very tired of them, for they were great beggars. They wanted everything they took a fancy to, and if told they could not have the particular object they had set their hearts upon, they would pretend to be greatly offended. But as soon as they saw something else they wanted they would come back and beg again.

Vancouver and Don Quadra gave their names to the great island, but the Spanish part of the name was soon dropped, and it has ever since been known as Vancouver Island. With regard to the international agreement between England and Spain, the opinions of the two men differed so widely that all they could do was to send messages home for instructions.

Vancouver then began to explore the coast. He worked northward from New Spain, and when fall came went to the Sandwich Islands for the winter. In the spring he sailed north and worked towards the south until he came to the same place where he had left off when exploring northward. Amidst loud cheers

they named that spot Point Conclusion. The work was finished now. He had carefully explored the west coast. Every bay and inlet had been tried.

That night Vancouver gave his men a grand dinner on board the ship in honor of having at least obtained sure proof that no one could ever sail through America. By taking home such correct charts of the country that everyone had to admit there was no open-water passage through the continent, Vancouver accomplished the task he had undertaken.

CHAPTER XI.

The Selkirk Settlers.

You have all heard the story of King Bruce and the spider, the spider that tried *nine* times before it succeeded in reaching its web, and that never once during its many tumbles stopped for a moment to crawl into a crack for a rest, or to grumble to the other spiders about the hard time it was having. When King Bruce saw it at last reach its web, he, too,

> **"Tried once more, as he tried before,**
> **And that time he did not fail."**

Now, this is not the story of a spider, nor yet of a king, but of a colony of people whose best efforts fell quite as flat as the spider's, and just as many times, but who kept on trying until they, like it, won their way to success. That success was the settling of a country much larger than King Bruce's lands.

Far away in Scotland and Ireland lived many people who had only small farms, not much larger than a garden, and others who had no farms at all. A good man, Lord Selkirk, seeing what a hard time they had to earn a living, made up his mind to give these poor men each a *whole* farm in the land of animals and Indians, where there was plenty of room. This colony, or settlement of people, he decided to establish at the junction of the

Red and Assiniboine rivers, near where La Verendrye built Fort Rouge.

Some people laughed, and said the idea was ridiculous, as it was too cold there for people to live and raise crops, and any who tried it would certainly be frozen out or driven away by the Indians. Others were unkind enough to say Lord Selkirk was doing it in order to make something for himself. Such talk made no difference in his lordship's plans. He looked forward to seeing the poor people happy and golden grain growing on the prairie along the banks of these rivers.

The first thing was to get the land; for, as we know, the spot chosen by Lord Selkirk was in Rupert's Land and belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company. Fortunately for his scheme, this great company was pleased to have a settlement there. They saw that the wild animals were being driven farther back, and knew that if they disappeared from that part, food and clothing could not be had unless someone worked the land and raised wheat, barley and flax, and kept cattle and sheep. Besides, a colony would be a place where the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company could live in comfort without leaving Rupert's Land. So they were ready to be interested in Lord Selkirk's colony, and willingly sold him for that purpose over one hundred thousand square miles of land.

Now that the first step had been taken, the next thing was to place the people there. This is why one gray day, in a Scotch village called Helmsdale, a little band was waiting for a vessel that was to take them away to the great new country. Life had not been easy for them, and some had recently been turned off their

tiny farms; yet it was their homeland, and they might never see it again. Sadly they bade a last good-bye to their native hills and vales and lovely glens. Among them were children too young to understand what it all meant, and who were delighted at the prospect of a long boat-ride. Many were hugging in their arms the treasures of their childhood, and here and there were boys tugging at the collars of the faithful collie dogs they would not leave behind.

A tall, pleasant-faced man was going about among them, and, in the Gaelic tongue they spoke and loved so well, was telling them of the new country and promising to do all he could to help them make a start, assuring them that he would visit them soon in their new prairie homes. This tall man was Lord Selkirk, who had come to see his people safely off.

At last the boat arrived and all was ready for the start. As they were slowly taken out from the shores of their beloved Scotland they sang the familiar psalms which they had sung so often in the village church. On the shore, watching until they were out of sight, was a group of sorrowing friends and relatives. In their midst stood Lord Selkirk. His great enterprise was now begun.

On the coast of Ireland they were joined by their Irish companions who were going with them to find new homes. The whole company was under the direction of Captain Macdonell, who had been chosen by Lord Selkirk as leader.

The route taken to Red River at that time was by way of Hudson Bay. So the little vessel, dependent upon wind and weather, was sixty days in crossing

the ocean. The children who had wanted a long boat-ride had their wish, and more than their wish, for they had never dreamed of such huge icebergs as they saw when sailing towards the great bay in the north.

The rivers were already frozen when they reached York Factory, on Hudson Bay, where they found shelter until houses could be built for them, and in which they might remain till the ice broke up in the spring. Here the boys who had brought their dogs had a lively time keeping them out of fights with the wild "Husky" dogs that lived about the fort. The men were kept busy getting wood for fuel. The intense cold of that first winter was the beginning of all their hardships.

Directly after New Year's they began to make flat-bottomed boats for the journey up the river and across Lake Winnipeg to their new homes. It was the 1st of July before the ice was away so that they could set out. To the poor people, travelling in a way entirely new to them, the boats seemed very heavy, and it was difficult to get them over the many portages and rapids. Though very tired when they reached Red River, they had only a few hours to rest before their first misfortune befell them.

The North-West Company had heard of their coming and were greatly displeased. They thought a colony would help their rival, the Hudson's Bay Company, to grow and prosper, and would drive the wild animals away so that they would have to move their trading-posts farther back. Moreover, they considered the Hudson's Bay Company had no right to the land they had sold Lord Selkirk, because the North-West Company,

following Verendrye, had reached the Red River first. Declaring that Lord Selkirk should start no colony there, they hired a band of half-breeds—or Metis, as they were called—to drive his colonists away.

After painting their faces and putting feathers in their hair to make them look like savage Indians, the Metis appeared on the scene a few hours after the tired colonists had reached their destination, and told them they must go away at once or else be driven off with guns and tomahawks. The colonists were terrified, especially as they could not understand the mixture of Indian and French the Metis spoke. However, after much talking and sign-making, they learned that these people were willing to guide them to Pembina, a Hudson's Bay Company post seventy miles away.

The Metis offered to carry the children, but for doing so wanted everything which took their fancy. Before they could set out, the men parted with their guns and the women with their wedding-rings. One little girl had brought her only toy, a tiny sheep, which she kept tied to a string about her neck. The half-breed who took her up on his horse wanted that sheep. Putting his ugly painted face and feathered head very near to hers, he made signs that he would run away with her if he did not get it. Her mother told her to give it to him. He held it up and laughed, and then put the string about his own neck, but the little girl cried when she saw her poor sheep dangling there. He soon gave it back to her. It may be that he never meant to keep it, or perhaps he had a kind heart and did not wish to make her unhappy.

It was a strange procession that started off that day.

The savages of the wilderness were riding on fine horses, and the white people were trudging along behind like servants. Sometimes a mischievous half-breed, wanting a little fun, would ride out of sight with one of the children, and the mother, fearing he would take her darling away to his lodge, would run screaming after him. However, no harm was done the little ones. Though it was a terrible tramp over the rough ground, they all reached Pembina in safety. There they spent the winter, living in tents like the Indians. Being as yet unable to hunt or drive dog-sleighs, they had to take what they were given to eat, and in return bring wood and water for the Indians and half-breeds.

Early in May they went back to the Red River to make a beginning. That year both fish and berries were scarce, and often they had nothing to eat but the tasteless wild parsnips or boiled nettles. But hopes were high when the grain began to grow. Long before it was ready to harvest, hungry blackbirds came in great flocks, and though all sorts of startling scarecrows were made, men, women and children had to watch from morning till night while the precious little crop was ripening.

Though their seed wheat yielded abundantly, they had not raised enough both for food and seed for another crop; so in the fall they went again to Pembina to spend the winter with the friendly Indians and half-breeds. The following spring they returned to labor on their farms. They had no trees to cut down before they could plant their crops, but neither had they horses nor oxen yet, and sowing and reaping by hand was slow work. The Indians would sometimes walk about the settle-

ment to see how their white neighbors were getting along, and were always ready to tell them how much easier it was to live by hunting.

As the first crops were not large enough to support the settlers, Governor Macdonell issued a proclamation—that is, sent out an order—that no one should send fish or game away from Lord Selkirk's colony. Upon hearing this, the North-West Company, who considered the territory their own to do with as they wished, again determined to put an end to the colony.

First they coaxed a large number of the colonists to go away by telling them how much easier they would have it in some other parts of the country. To those who would not be coaxed they issued a proclamation ordering "all settlers to retire immediately from the river, and no appearance of a colony to remain." Because the settlers would not heed this, they drove them away, spoiled their crops, and burned their houses. The poor people took refuge at Norway House, the Hudson's Bay Company's post north of Lake Winnipeg.

Soon after, a man whom Lord Selkirk had sent out to help them brought them back tired and wretched, but, like the spider, not discouraged by the fall. To make matters worse, others arrived just at this time. All through the weary journey the new-comers had been looking forward to a good rest and a long talk round the hearth-fires of their friends, whom they now found homeless and more miserable than themselves. There could be no rest for anyone at Red River yet. Once more all must go away for the winter.

Early the next spring they were back toiling from

morning till night to get the seed into the ground at the proper time, and to make the most of the short season. One evening, when most of the work was over, some women and children saw a party of men, hideous with paint and feathers, and armed with guns, tomahawks, and bows and arrows, coming toward the settlement on horseback. Though they looked like Indians on the war-path, even the children knew they were the Nor'-Westers and their Metis, and rushed everywhere giving warning.

When the boy in the watch-tower of Fort Douglas, the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Red River, gave the alarm, Governor Semple at once looked through a spy-glass, and seeing the painted and feathered band of men approaching, gathered together about twenty of his best men and marched out, armed, to meet them, hoping to arrange for the safety of the settlers. The Nor'-Westers circled round his little band asking what he wanted. He replied by asking what they wanted. In some way a shot was fired, and in the noise and confusion and the war-whoops of the Nor'-Westers that followed, no one knew just who fired first—but it was supposed to be one of the Nor'-Westers. The Governor and many of his men were killed, and the rest taken prisoners. This engagement is known in history as the battle or skirmish of Seven Oaks. As none were now left to defend the settlers, the Nor'-Westers soon drove them off in any way they liked and burned the few huts that had been put up since their last raid. They then took possession of all that was left of Fort Douglas.

But help was coming. Far away in Scotland Lord Selkirk had heard of the treatment his colony was

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receiving, and was now on his way to them. He was already in Canada when news of this last outrage reached him. With well-armed soldiers he started at once for Red River. On his way he took possession of Fort William, the North-West Company's headquarters, arrested some who had been leaders in abusing his colony, and sent them to Montreal for trial.

At Fort William Lord Selkirk was obliged to wait till the ice cleared away in the spring before he could go on to his poor people. He then brought them back from Norway House, gathered them all together, talked with them, and made plans for their future welfare. He assured them a Scotch minister would be sent to them. "Here," he said to them at one meeting, "you shall build your church," and on that spot they soon after built St. John's church. He laid out sites for schoolhouses, roads, mills and bridges; and to that first settlement in all Rupert's Land he gave the name Kildonan, a name taken from their old Scottish home, and very dear to them.

Lord Selkirk also had a meeting with the Indians, and smoked the peace-pipe with them. Though he had bought the land from the Hudson's Bay Company, it had really belonged to the Indians first. As they had a rightful claim to the country, and must be kept on friendly terms, he made a treaty with them. By this treaty Lord Selkirk promised to give each of the two tribes having a claim on that territory one hundred pounds of tobacco each year, and they in return were to give up the right to the land. Like all grown-up white people's agreements, it was written in so many large words that it was difficult to understand. Of course

it was carefully explained to the Indians, who thought it a fine bit of writing, and all said, "Ho! Ho!" to the part about the tobacco.

Lord Selkirk wrote his name on the treaty papers, but the five chiefs signed theirs in a different way. Instead of writing his name each made his mark,—that is, he drew a picture of the animal or bird which was his family crest, or totem, as Indians say. When you see the long hard names the chiefs had, you will think that the drawings were much easier to put down, even if the Indians could have written them. They were: Mache Wheseab, Mechkaddewikonaie, Kayajiskebinoa, Pegowis, and Ouckedoat.

Delighted with the "Silver Chief," as they called Lord Selkirk, the Indians made their finest speeches for him. They were glad of a chance to tell him they were friendly to his people. Chief Pegowis said in his speech:

"At the arrival of the settlers we were frequently solicited by the North-West Company to frighten them away, but we were pleased to see that our Great Father had sent some of his white children to live among us, and we refused to do or say anything against them. . . . We refused to acknowledge the speeches they wished to put into our mouths. We are informed that they told a tale that it was the Indians who drove them away and murdered the children of our Great Father, but it is a falsehood."

Others expressed themselves in much the same way. One said, among other things: "We have often been told you were our enemy; but to-day we have the hap-

piness to hear from your own mouth the words of a true friend."

Mechkaddewikonaie in his speech said: "I am happy to see here our father. Clouds have overwhelmed me. I was a long time in doubt and difficulty, but now I begin to see clearly. We have reason to be thankful this day. We know the dangers you must have encountered to come this far. The truth you have spoken pleases us. There seems an end to our distress, and it is you who have relieved us."

By this time, you may be sure, the members of the North-West Company were not feeling friendly towards Lord Selkirk, and while the settlers and Indians were receiving him so kindly they were making him all the trouble they could. In Montreal even those who had done the most to send the Metis against the colony were declaring it was the Indians who had driven away the settlers, and that Lord Selkirk had no right to arrest their men. Though they knew they were telling falsehoods, they kept on talking until the bad men who had been arrested at Fort William for causing the trouble were let go free, and the good Lord Selkirk had to hurry away to defend himself.

Meanwhile the settlers must make a fresh start on the long, steep road to success; but this time Lord Selkirk's visit made it much easier to be like the spider, when

> "Up, up it ran, not a second it stayed,
> To utter the least complaint."

They returned from Norway House so late in the spring that they could get but little grain in, and were

obliged to go again to Pembina for the winter and fetch the water and keep the fires going for the Indians, who thought it very fine to have "palefaces" for their servants.

In the spring (1818) they were back in time to sow all their grain and make a splendid beginning, and it did seem as if no misfortune could befall them this time. But you remember the spider had more than four tumbles, and so had they. The next one came in July, when everything was looking its best. The corn was in ear, the barley almost ripe, the wheat a more abundant crop than ever before, and visions of roasted corn, barley soup, and of fresh bread were beginning to rise before the eyes of the settlers.

But these visions were rudely broken. About five o'clock one afternoon it became unusually dark. Fearing a bad storm, they looked anxiously at the sky. A huge cloud was moving towards them from the west. A few moments later it looked like a snowstorm, but as it came nearer they saw that the snowflakes were alive! It was a storm, truly, but a storm of grasshoppers, millions and millions and millions of them. They covered the land and devoured every green blade. The settlers were helpless. They could only look on while their hard-earned crops disappeared. In the morning nothing was left but a few heads of barley that had been missed by the grasshoppers. These the women carefully gathered in their aprons.

Once more the fruit of their weary labors was lost. This time they were not at all like the spider, but like King Bruce, completely discouraged, and

"flung themselves down in a lonely mood," not "to think," but to weep, the men as well as the women and children. So it happened that they did not give up Pembina, as they had hoped to be able to do, but again took that long, weary journey of seventy miles to spend another winter.

The next summer was no better for them. The grasshoppers of the summer before had laid their eggs in the sod of the grassy plains, and the young ones were now hatching. As early as the middle of June they over-ran the harvest-fields in greater numbers than in the summer before. Nothing could grow. Dozens of hungry grasshoppers were waiting to devour each green blade as soon as it appeared. A little later dead grasshoppers lay in heaps along the river banks, making both air and water impure.

Again the settlers were quite like King Bruce, and declared they would never try again. Now the Indians said: "Come buffalo-hunting with us, and you will be much happier." By this time they had learned to hunt better, to walk on snowshoes, and to manage dog-sleighs, and so had a happier winter at Pembina than they had ever spent before. But the Indians could all tell of days of famine, and the settlers well knew that at such a time, if without crops, they must go hungry, and perhaps starve miserably, as many Indians had done; besides, living the life of the Indians would not please the good Lord Selkirk. So when spring came they returned to their farms.

To get seed wheat they must go so far south that, though the men started off on snowshoes, they brought it back in June in flat-bottomed boats. Fortunately

growth is so rapid in that western country that some of the grain ripened, and never again were they without seed wheat.

About this time Lord Selkirk sent out a windmill; but as no one at Red River knew how to set it working, it stood idle till a millwright from Scotland set it going ten years later. By that time the crops were so much larger that they were greatly in need of this means of getting help from the Red River winds.

The windmill was one of Lord Selkirk's last gifts to the colonists. In 1820 he died. A few years later the Hudson's Bay Company bought back the country. In the year 1821 the Hudson's Bay Company and the North-West Company were united. The colonists then were no longer troubled by the Nor'-Westers, and days of peace and prosperity followed. New settlers came. Better houses were put up. Cattle were brought in until all had cows and oxen for the farm work.

Indians, gay and ugly in their paint and feathers, would come from their wild haunts and wander about the settlement, watching everything that was going on; perhaps telling the colonists that *they* would not drudge that way, nor give up buffalo-hunting for all the civilization in the world. But what did the colonists care? This was the seventh time they had climbed up, and they were feeling much like the spider when only "a foot from his cobweb door." They had no idea they were so near another fall.

The cause of the next disaster began in the month of December, when a heavy snowstorm came. For several days the snow fell steadily, making the day

almost as dark as the night. Now it happened that those who were living like Indians, hunting the buffalo, had gone to the plains. Of course the animals felt the storm long before it came, and made off to their hidden shelters. But the hunters, not having the same instinct, were overtaken by great clouds of snowflakes that seemed to pour from the sky. No food could then be found for man or beast.

News reached the colony that the hunters were starving. Though many miles away, and dog-sleighs the only means of reaching them, the colonists gladly gave them what help they could. The poor hunters who were found alive had eaten their horses, their dogs, and even their moccasins, to keep from starving, and were crawling along miserably through the snow. Some were saved from starvation by the few mouthfuls of bread the rescuers could give them. A man and woman with their three children were dug out of the snow, where they had been buried for three days and three nights. The woman and two of the children lived. Little did the colonists think, when saving the lives of the poor hunters, who were mostly half-breeds, that their own homes would soon be swept away.

In the spring, when the ice was breaking up and the great depth of snow was melting, the Red River began to rise. It went up nine feet in twenty-four hours. It overflowed the banks, and spread over the fields till even the Indian braves looked at it with amazement and exclaimed: "Yea, ho! Yea, ho! What does it mean, what does it mean?"

By the 5th of May, when in other years the dry clay on the river banks was gleaming in the sun, the

water became so deep in the settlement that the colonists had to leave their homes and escape to higher ground, leaving their property behind them. Every boat in the settlement was out, and the men of the Hudson's Bay Company were doing their best in helping to save lives and property. Screaming children were taken to any dry spot that could be found. Cattle were hurriedly driven through the water out of danger, while the dogs had to save themselves by swimming or by jumping on floating pieces of furniture. Most of the houses were being carried along by the flood. Others were broken down by floating ice and trees that crashed against them. In some of the floating houses poor dogs were howling; in others cats were crawling about; on the roofs of others a few chickens were perched.

Though many were the narrow escapes, only one person was drowned. A writer of these times tells us that a man who had no boat tied his oxen together and put his wife and children on their backs, hoping, as indeed proved the case, that the frightened animals would swim or wade out of danger. One man, in his hurry to get out of his already moving house, overturned a light and set the house on fire. It floated along after the others, one half under water, the other half in flames.

The colonists were almost discouraged enough by this seventh misfortune to leave Red River forever, but when at last the water lowered they took heart again and went back to their land, which was now as bare as when they first went to it. However, the hard times coming after this misfortune were followed by

better days than ever. The people began to build larger houses out of stone and mortar, with glass windows, and these were much brighter and pleasanter than the dull little places they had lived in before. Churches and schoolhouses, too, were built. In 1831, the Hudson's Bay Company erected a stronghold which was to be a place of safety if the water should rise again, or if they should be attacked by an enemy. There were now two parts to the village, called Upper and Lower Fort Garry.

Though the colony was becoming so much larger, it was only a tiny spot in the country of the Indians. The white man may call them "savages," yet it must be remembered that they never harmed the settlers, whom they could easily have wiped out of existence had they so wished. Instead, they watched the colony stretch back from the Red River, taking in more and more of their land. They moved back to give the white man room, but they did him no injury.

Everything went well at Red River until the spring of 1852. It was now twenty-six years since the great flood, and they were hoping never to have another. But one night in May many of the settlers were awakened by the sound of splashing water in their rooms. In the darkness those who could reach their boats hurried into them to escape to the high land, or to the stronghold of Fort Garry. Those who were without boats were in serious danger. Many waited on the house-tops for help, while others climbed trees and clung there until a boat came or daylight showed them some way of escape.

It was a worse flood than the one in 1826. The channel of the river had become choked with floating

ice, causing the water to rise with great rapidity, at one time going up at the rate of seven feet an hour. For a distance of fourteen miles the water spread out for six miles on each side of the river. Fences, houses and barns floated off much as they had done twenty-six years before, the only difference being that there were so many more to be carried away. Carts, boxes and cupboards, chairs, tables and feather beds were seen floating on the water.

So quickly did the river rise that many of the cattle, pigs, and even horses, were drowned. One pig was known to swim for two days and two nights, and was then caught alive and taken in a boat to dry ground. Over the fields where cattle had grazed and wheat had grown, fish swam and boats sailed, while down the river to Lake Winnipeg floated the labor of twenty-six years. The poor people, who the day before had been happy in their cozy homes, were now huddled on dry spots of land, with the cattle and goods they had saved beside them. All were cold and wet, and every bit of their firewood had floated away. One man burned up his plough to keep his little girl from perishing. Not until the 12th of June could the settlers go back to their desolate homes.

This was the last disaster that befell the Selkirk settlers. Like the spider, they had come to their last fall, and were now on the sure way to success. What that success has been may be learned by a trip to-day, not only through Manitoba, but far beyond. The Selkirk Colony was the beginning of all settlements in the great North-West. Surely those who read its history will say with King Bruce, "Bravo, bravo! All honor to those who try."

CHAPTER XII.

Two Explorers and an Artist.

Simon Fraser.

One bright day, early in the summer of 1808, a young fur-trader, named Simon Fraser, was starting down the great river of rocks and rapids that Mackenzie had followed until he left it to take the overland trail to the western coast. His orders were to follow the river to the sea. As yet, no one had dared to venture down that treacherous current. So little was known of the river that it was supposed to be the Columbia. Men from the United States had found the mouth of the Columbia and were claiming the territory about it. Fraser's trip was to explore the river for the North-West Company, and see if it would give them a canoe route to and from the coast.

The accounts of the river which he and his men could gather from the Indians were not encouraging. However, before they had gone far they heard of an Indian who had come from near the sea, and had him brought to them, hoping he might tell a more favorable story. Fraser spread an oilcloth on the ground and made signs to him to draw a map of the river. This Indian did not seem to know very much about it, but another Indian stood beside him and told him how

to draw the map. When finished it showed all the dangerous places of which the white men had heard.

After looking at the map, Fraser hinted to the Indians that some day his people would come and build a fort, and they would then all be able to get such guns as they had seen him fire off. The Indians were delighted with the prospect, and the chief, wishing to please the white men, said that he and the Indian from near the sea would go along to guide them down the river.

In a short time they came to a terrible rapid about two miles long. On each side were steep banks, which in some places were only forty or fifty yards apart. Through that narrow space the water dashed in a whirl of angry, foaming waves. The chief said that the rapid would overpower any Indians and swallow their canoes, but that as white men were so great, perhaps they could cross it in safety. Five of the best men embarked in a canoe, but lost power over it and were dashed against a rock. The men saved themselves by springing to the rock, but their comrades had great difficulty in getting them ashore and saving the canoe. The bank was so steep that in going down they had to plunge their daggers in to keep from slipping and falling headfirst into the river. Of the trouble they had in landing the canoe Fraser wrote:

"We cut steps in the declivity; fastened a line to the front of the canoe, with which some of the men ascended in order to haul it up while the others supported it upon their arms. In this manner our situation was most precarious. Our lives hung, as it were, upon a thread, as the failure of the line or a false step of one

of the men might have hurled the whole of us into eternity. However, we fortunately cleared the bank before dark."

After this experience they met with Indians who assured them that for some distance the river was so rough they could not possibly go down by canoe, and told them of an overland trail which would take them past the rapids and down to that part of the river where it was smooth sailing on to the sea. But Fraser said his orders were to follow the river, and he would take no other route.

To make matters worse, the river was rising. When it went up eight feet in twenty-four hours one of the lieutenants proposed that they should try going along the bank with pack-horses. They succeeded in getting four horses from the Indians, but found that way of travelling almost as bad as by canoe. The path was so narrow and the precipice so steep that one of the horses fell over and was lost, and a man who was carrying a heavy pack, taking a misstep, got into such a dangerous position that he dare not move until Fraser crawled out and loosened his load. The load dropped into the river and was washed away, but the man, free of his burden, was able to save himself.

When travelling by canoe again they were continually coming to rocks, whirlpools, and foaming cascades. In toiling over the portages they had to climb up and down steep rocky precipices where their moccasins wore out in less than a day and their feet were cut by the sharp stones.

Farther on the channel narrowed to about forty yards. On each side towered great rocks, bending toward each

other, thus making the opening narrower above than below. Through this passage the boiling water rushed with terrific force, and, as Fraser said, "had a frightful appearance." To carry the canoes past by land was out of the question. There was nothing to do but take their chances on that awful tide. Of this experience Fraser wrote in his journal: "Thus skimming along fast as lightning, the crews, cool and determined, followed each other in awful silence, and when we arrived at the end we stood gazing at each other in silent congratulation at our narrow escape from total destruction."

They now hoped the worst was over, but Indians told them they could not proceed by way of the river, and drew a map showing more cascades, rapids and whirlpools ahead. Instead of a beach or shore, there were mountains and precipices on each side which they could not climb up and down without the aid of rope-ladders. However, Fraser and his men struggled on, travelling sometimes by canoe and sometimes on foot, until at last they came upon Indians who said the sea was only ten nights from their village. One old brave declared he had been to the sea, and had seen white men there who were very proud. He put his hands on his hips and strode about with an air of great importance, saying to Fraser, "This is the way they go." It was good news to the tired explorers, and they hurried on, grudging even the time they had to spend in shaking hands with the natives. One of the longest delays was where a chief invited Fraser across the river and then took him by the arm and led him to the camp, where about twelve hundred Indians were sitting in rows waiting to shake hands with him!

Toward the end of the journey another canoe was needed. So far, when they had broken their canoes, they had been able to trade their night-robes to the natives for new ones, but the Indian from whom they now tried to get one would not let them have it at any price. They took it by force, and he followed, sobbing, and begging them to come back lest they should be killed by warlike Indians at the coast. Near the mouth of the river they found that his warning was well founded. The natives there, who had seen "proud" white men from foreign trading vessels, were not friendly, like the Indians of the interior, and instead of coming up to shake hands, flourished weapons and tried to upset the canoes of the white men.

As nothing was to be gained by stopping there and running the risk of an attack, Fraser turned back. By this time he knew that the river he had explored was not the Columbia, for he had found that it emptied into the Pacific several degrees of latitude north of the mouth of the Columbia. It has ever since been called the Fraser River in honor of the man who defied its treacherous rocks and angry rapids and followed it to the sea.

Sir John Franklin.

Somewhere in the snow and ice of the cold northland is a lonely grave. The story of Sir John Franklin, who lies buried there, is one of the saddest in our country's history. He lost his life while exploring in search of the long-talked-of North-west Passage. Until his travels, little was known of the Arctic regions. Over all that northern coast hung a mist which had been

lifted only twice; once when Hearne reached the Coppermine, and again when Mackenzie followed to the sea the great river to which his name was afterwards given. The Arctic coast-line between these two rivers and beyond was still a blank on the white man's map. But even to that day some were still dreaming poor Henry Hudson's dream of an open Polar Sea.

On his first journey Franklin was directed to sail to America, travel overland to the Arctic Ocean, and sketch that unknown coast-line from the Coppermine River eastward, marking the position of the capes, bays and rivers which he passed. He left England in the month of May, and by the end of August was at York Factory, on Hudson Bay. From there he set out across the country, and late in the winter reached Fort Chipewyan, Mackenzie's old post. In his journal of that winter trip are found such entries as: "The depth of snow made the task of beating the track for the dogs so very fatiguing that each of the men took the lead in turn for an hour and a half." . . . "We were constantly rubbing the exposed parts of the skin to prevent their being frozen, but some of the party suffered in spite of every precaution." . . . "Provisions becoming scarce; dogs without food except a little burnt leather; . . . tea froze in the tin teapot before we could drink it."

In the spring Franklin continued his journey, but so great were his difficulties in securing guides and supplies that he did not reach the coast that summer, and was obliged to winter at Fort Enterprise. Of that dreary season he wrote: "The trees froze to their very centres, and became as hard as stone and more difficult

to cut. Some of the axes were broken daily, and by the end of the month we had only one left that was fit for felling trees." . . . "A thermometer hung in our bedroom, at a distance of sixteen feet from the fire, stood even in the daytime occasionally at fifteen degrees below zero." . . . "It is half-past eleven before he [the sun] peeps over a small ridge of hills opposite to the house, and he sinks in the horizon at half-past two."

At last the long winter was over and they set out upon their long journey to the coast, dragging their canoes and carrying their small store of provisions. In July they reached the Arctic Ocean. You will remember that Mackenzie did not find the Eskimos at home, and Hearne could not talk with those he saw, owing to their being killed before his eyes by his Indian escort. Franklin's party, however, met with some of these people. Those near the Coppermine were afraid of the white men, and all ran away except one old man who was too lame to run. He was terrified at first, but when they treated him kindly and gave him presents, he gave them some of his dried meat and talked with the interpreter. Among other things, he said that in the summer his people went there to fish, but when winter came they moved farther down the coast and built their snow houses. Not far away Franklin had found broken skulls lying about, and so concluded that he was meeting the old Eskimo near the very spot where, fifty years before, Hearne's Indian party had massacred the Eskimo band.

The explorers now travelled eastward along the coast, skirting the rocky capes and bays and learning all they could of that northern sea. Often they came upon a

seal or a polar bear taking her cubs for a swim, and when on shore they startled many an unsuspecting reindeer or musk-ox. As they advanced they met with more and more floating ice, and the winds became colder. Owing to the distance they must go before they could gain a place of shelter for the winter, which would soon set in, they were obliged to turn back as early as the 18th of August. The point where the return journey began was named Point Turnagain.

Before reaching Fort Enterprise the party had the most terrible experiences. Some died from the hardships they encountered, and the others were nearly starved to death. At one time they were so weak from hunger that when the reindeer passed near they were unable to shoot them. Indians arrived with meat just in time to save their lives.

The sufferings of that toilsome journey did not prevent Franklin from going again. Three years later he set out determined to clear away the mist in the northland. This time he travelled overland from eastern Canada to the mouth of the Mackenzie River. At the lonely spot where the great river empties into the ocean, he unfurled a silken Union Jack which his wife had worked and given him to display when he reached the Polar Sea. Then, at last, that symbol of British rule waved proudly over the far-away home of the Eskimos and polar bears. As it was August and the northern summer almost over, Franklin had barely time to explore the coast near the mouth of the river before returning to Fort Franklin, on Great Bear Lake, for the winter.

In the spring, when again on the Arctic coast, he

divided his men. One party, under Dr. Richardson, set out to survey the coast to the Coppermine River, where Franklin's last exploration had begun; and the other, under Franklin himself, went westward along the coast from the Mackenzie River. In this way they hoped to make a thorough search for the North-west Passage. The party which travelled east reached the Coppermine, but the others were detained so often by fogs and ice that they were able to follow the coast-line only three hundred and seventy-four miles west of the Mackenzie, about half as far as Franklin had hoped to go. They were then obliged to turn back, for, though it was but little more than the middle of August, the dread Arctic winter would soon be setting in. Both parties met at Fort Franklin, where another winter was spent. In the summer they returned to England.

Over twenty years after, another expedition was sent out to trace the still unexplored portion of the Arctic coast, and to find out for a certainty whether the North-west Passage led from the Polar Sea. Sir John Franklin, though nearly sixty years of age, gladly took the post as leader. "No service," he said, "is nearer my heart." With every hope of success he and his men prepared for the voyage. They were so sure of finding the North-west Passage and sailing across to Asia, that one of his captains left instructions for his letters to be sent by way of St. Petersburg to Kamchatka.

Leaving England, May 26th, 1845, in two ships, named the *Erebus* and the *Terror*, they sailed across the ocean, all in the best of spirits, and then turned northward through Baffin Bay and Lancaster Sound. Soon their progress was stopped by ice. Summer was over

and new ice was forming thick and fast. In a sheltered harbor of Beechey Island they prepared to spend the winter. There three of their number died. Five years later, when men came to search for the missing explorers, they found the headstones over the graves of these three men and knew the party had wintered there.

It was supposed that the next summer the explorers tried to push on, but that the ships were frozen in for a second long winter, and that the following summer ice still blocked their way. Two successive winters of cold and hardships had proved too much for the strength of Sir John Franklin. He became ill, and in the month of June he died. After this every effort to release the ships must have been in vain. They probably drifted about helplessly in the grip of the ice-pack. From the stories afterwards told by the Eskimos, and the skeletons found, it is known that the following spring the men abandoned their ships and died in an attempt to travel southward overland.

In England great anxiety was felt when two years passed without bringing any news of Sir John's party. Hoping that the whaling vessels that went to Baffin Bay might find some trace of the missing men, large rewards were offered by the British Government and by Lady Franklin for news of the *Erebus* and the *Terror*. But the reward brought no tidings, and expeditions were sent out to search. One of these ships chanced to pass Beechey Island. The men saw the headstones of the three lonely graves, but of the ships that had been sheltered there they could find no trace. Four years later Dr. Rae, one of the searchers, met a young Eskimo who told him that in the spring of 1850 about forty white

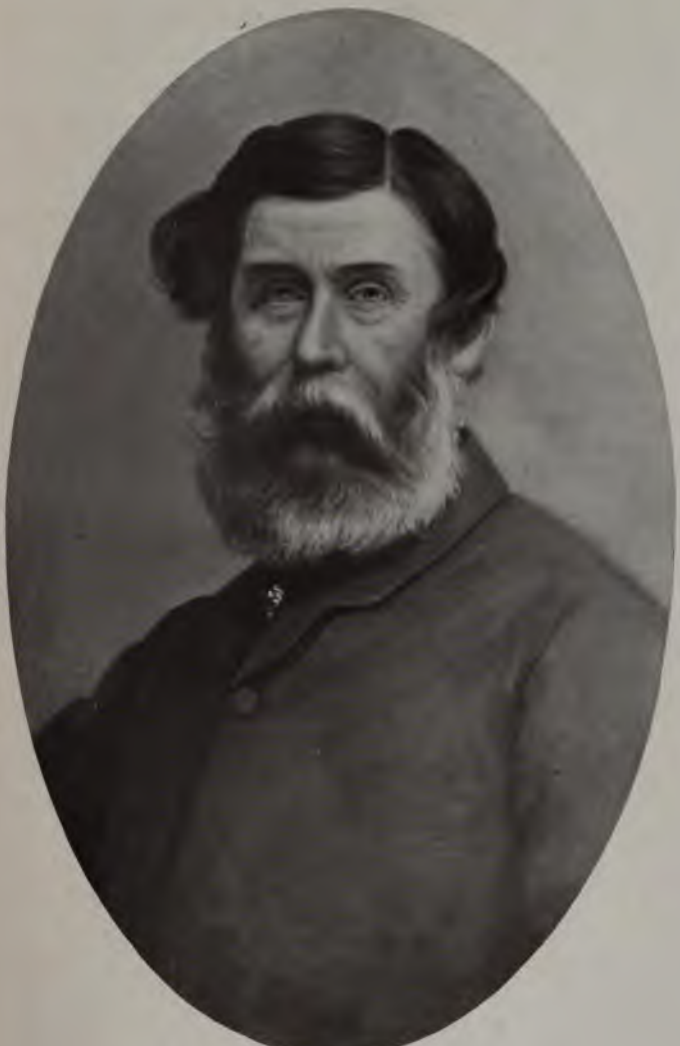
men were seen dragging a boat southward. They had bought a seal from some Eskimo hunters, to whom they said they were going to a land where they could shoot deer. Some of the other Eskimos showed Dr. Rae silver spoons and forks which undoubtedly had belonged to Franklin's party.

Captain McClintock, the leader of another expedition sent out by Lady Franklin, heard more Eskimo stories and got some pieces of silverplate on which was Sir John Franklin's family crest. They also came upon a human skeleton lying face downwards, which showed there might be some truth in the story that the white men had "fallen as they walked."

Such traces of the lost expedition are all that were ever found, except that a paper enclosed in a bottle was picked up, which must have been dropped by Franklin's men the year he died. It stated where they had wintered, and in several different languages the request was written that whoever found it should forward it to the Secretary of the Admiralty. Round the margin was a notice of Sir John Franklin's death, with the date, June 11th, 1847. Now at last the fate of the brave explorer was known.

Of the sad funeral in the Arctic nothing has ever been learned. But one thing is certain, our hero was buried by the men who loved him, while the good old Union Jack, under which he had served so long, fluttered at half-mast from the solitary ships imprisoned in that sea of ice.

It remained for a gallant Norwegian, Captain Amundsen, following the Franklin route, to make his way through the entire passage to the Western Sea,



PAUL KANE.

(From a portrait in the Paul Kane collection in Toronto University, by permission.)

which he did in 1904-06. And we now know that had Sir John Franklin been able to work his ships only ninety miles farther westward he would have sailed into the Western Sea, and have reached home to enjoy his well-earned honors.

Paul Kane.

Nearly forty years after Fraser's famous voyage, a young artist from Toronto was travelling through the North-West and past the great mountains. Though he was not searching for a north-west passage, nor tracing an unknown river to the sea, he deserves a place in history with the bravest of our explorers. Paul Kane, the artist, had grown up with one ambition. This was to make a series of paintings of the Indians which should live when the country had passed away from them and they no longer would pitch their tents in the forests and on the plains.

In those days, to travel through the country with canvas and paints was not an easy matter, and Kane had no money to fit out canoes and hire men. However, a way opened. After working for some time among the Indians near his home in Ontario, he showed his sketches to Sir George Simpson, the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and told him of his desire to paint pictures descriptive of the habits and customs of the Indians of the North-West. Sir George was pleased with the idea, and to help the ambitious young man, offered him a passage with him in the spring brigade of canoes. The following May the delighted artist set out with the Governor to meet the canoes at Sault Ste. Marie.

At Mackinaw Paul Kane met with his first misfortune. As the Captain told him that the boat would not leave until nine the next morning, he went ashore to paint a sunset and to sleep on land. Coming down at the hour next morning, he found to his great dismay that the steamer had gone twenty minutes before. This was indeed a bad beginning. The Governor, he knew, was always in a hurry, and would remain only one night at the Sault. Unless he could find some way of getting there by the next morning, he would lose his passage with the canoe brigade. As he walked along the shore wondering what to do, his eyes fell upon a small skiff. He hired it at once.

With three boys for a crew, a blanket for a sail, and a loaf of bread and some tea for breakfast, dinner and supper, he started, though Indians and voyageurs who had often taken that trip said it was a wild-goose chase, for he could never get there in time. After sailing forty-five miles across the lake, they reached the St. Mary river at sunset. Now, if they were going to overtake the Governor at the Sault by morning, they must go forty-five miles up that river in one dark night. The river was dotted with small islands, and the current was strong. Moreover, the boys had never sailed there before.

As they ate their bread and drank their tea the voyagers counted the difficulties in the way. Even to their hopeful minds the chances were small. But they started in good spirits and made fair progress for a time. As it grew darker they bumped into islands, and lost time in backing out. Floating brushwood struck the boat, and in places the current almost forced

them back. Many times they gave up in despair, but always took courage and pushed on again. It was the hardest night Paul Kane had ever spent, but he had his reward. When day dawned he saw the Governor's steamer just ahead.

Throughout all his long journey he was willing to work as hard for success as he did that night. No amount of discomfort could discourage him. He travelled through districts where the air was so thick with mosquitos that he had to wear a veil day and night. He went through swamps where he had to strain every drop of water he drank, because there were poisonous insects in it that could cause death to both man and beast. He travelled on snowshoes, and learned what it was to go for days without food in the depth of winter, and he crossed rivers by plunging through their icy current.

Though he was used to all manner of bed-fellows, he was startled when one morning before daybreak he was awakened by something cold and clammy, and discovered that a snake had curled up and slept at his side.

Paul Kane's paintings were a wonder to the Indians. They thought the Great Spirit helped him to make them, and they would put their hands over their faces and look at them through their fingers, which was the way they always looked at those whom the Great Spirit had taken to the Happy Hunting Ground. They thought he must be a great medicine-man to make such pictures, and he was very glad that they had that idea, for it meant that his sketches and painting materials would be safe among them.

Often he found it hard to persuade the Indians to

sit for him, as they were afraid the "second self," as they called a portrait, would have some evil influence over them. Paul Kane found that a good way was to go into a tepee and begin work without saying a word, for the Indians would then pretend not to see him, and he could usually finish his painting. Once, when among a very superstitious tribe, an Indian annoyed him by following him about, telling all the Indians he met not to let the artist sketch them, for it would bring them ill-luck. As Kane could get no models, he made up his mind he would put a stop to this. With pencil and paper in his hand he looked closely at the troublesome Indian. The man asked him what he was doing. He replied: "Because you have kept your people from sitting for me I am going to draw your picture whether you like it or not." Then the Indian was frightened, and promised the artist that he would never again interfere if he would only stop making his "second self." Another man, who consented to have his portrait painted, was so sorry afterwards that he followed Paul Kane about begging him to destroy it. To satisfy him the artist made a copy of the picture, which he tore up before the eyes of the relieved Indian.

Nor were the wild animals more willing to pose as models. Once when he had settled down to paint a buffalo it made a sudden dash at him, and he had just time to mount his horse and get away, leaving the partly finished sketch in the possession of the enraged animal.

A medicine-man who one day chanced to look at his collection of paintings greatly admired them, and offered to help him on his way by giving him three days' fair

FLATHEAD WOMAN AND CHILD.
(From a painting by Paul Kane, by permission.)

wind; but in return he asked for a pound of tobacco. The artist bargained with him until he promised six days' fair wind for a small plug. The tobacco was handed over, and it is to be hoped the winds were favorable for the promised length of time.

After an absence of over two years, Paul Kane reached his home in Toronto with a large number of paintings. Among those he valued most was one of the back view of a chief's head which showed his war-cap and a little bag containing the bones and hair of his departed relatives. Another was of a Flathead woman and her child, with its head strapped to a board to make it grow flat. Other sketches were of various chiefs and of Indians travelling, fishing, and dancing.

The hopes and desires of boyhood days had now been realized. The pictures he had painted under such hardships and difficulties, and carried over the mountains and plains of the wilderness, show how the Indian appeared when he roamed the land at his own sweet will. To-day they are of the greatest value to students of the red man's history. Paul Kane will be remembered as the first artist to put on canvas the picturesque Indians of the Canadian West.

CHAPTER XIII.

Early Days in British Columbia.

THERE was no Lord Selkirk to establish a colony in the country west of the Rocky Mountains, but something was there which has never failed to draw men from all over the world. Back along the river-banks Indians had found gold, no one knows how long ago. The red men had no idea of its value, but thought it a bright, pretty metal to use for their ornaments. As time went by, white men saw these ornaments and learned that gold was there. The news soon spread far and wide, and people came hurrying to that country in great crowds that would have amazed the Selkirk settlers had they been there to see.

This was not the beginning of the history of British Columbia. The work which the white men were doing there before they saw the gold must not be passed by. After the voyages of Cook and Vancouver, the whaling vessels and sea-otter hunters came to the Pacific coast; and after the long journey of Alexander Mackenzie, the Hudson's Bay Company built their forts on the lakes and rivers west of the mountains. On Vancouver Island, James Douglas, a chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, chose a beautiful spot for a fort, and men were set to work to build it. They erected a small tower, cottages, buildings for the men to sleep in and

to eat in, a carpenter's shop, and a blacksmith's shop. Surrounding it all were high palisades. In the building of the whole fort not a single iron nail was used; the logs were held together with pegs made of wood. When finished the fort was named Fort Victoria, after the Queen, and has always been an important place on the Pacific.

The Indians looked on with curious interest during the building of the fort, and all went well until the white men brought some cattle in their boats to the island. The cattle were frightened when first landed, and rushed into the woods with head and tail in the air. However, in time they grew accustomed to their new home, and became useful in ploughing and drawing logs. Of this the Indians did not approve. To them it was pure waste to work animals that made such good food when, from their standpoint, the Indian women could do the work; and so, to change this absurd condition of affairs, they dined one day on roast beef. When the fort builders went to get the oxen to draw more logs they found they were missing. They promptly told the Indians to either pay for the cattle they had taken or to send the thieves over to them. The chief replied: "What! these animals yours? Did you make them? I consider them all the property of nature, and whatever nature sends I slay and eat."

The white men explained that the cattle came from beyond the sea and did not belong to the Indians, and that unless they made up for what they had done the fort gates would be closed against them.

The Indians angrily replied: "Close your gates and we will batter them down. Think you we did not live

before the white man came? And think you we should die were he swept away from these shores?"

Then the Indians gathered round the fort and fired upon it, but as the white men would neither surrender nor fight, they stopped shooting, not caring to waste their powder and shot. When the white men showed them their big gun they decided to give furs for the cattle they had killed. Afterwards they all smoked the peace-pipe together, and so the first battle ended without bloodshed.

Another difficulty was also settled without fighting. An Indian tribe was very angry with John Tod, a Hudson's Bay Company officer in charge of a fort on the mainland, and three hundred of their warriors were preparing to stealthily swoop down upon the fort and rob and murder the white men. The officer heard of it. He knew what a serious time the Indians had when smallpox broke out among them, and he determined to make their dread of this disease his means of escape. He at once called for his swiftest horse and rode to their camp. Galloping into their midst, he threw his rifle and pistol to the ground, and before the amazed warriors realized who he was, he announced that he had brought an important message. He then told them that smallpox was coming to them, and that he had hurried out to reach them first with medicine which would save them. The Indians believed it all, and allowed him to vaccinate them, which he did, making their right arms so sore that for a time at least they could not have used their weapons against him. However, they had no wish to do so now, for as smallpox did not come to them, they looked upon him as their deliverer.

The early settlers and fur-traders in British Columbia had greater trouble with white men than with the Indians. The chief difficulty was over the boundary of the colony. According to agreement, British Columbia had the coast-line from the mouth of Columbia River north to the Russian territory. But the United States people began to claim the coast as far up as the Russian possessions, about 54 degrees 40 minutes north latitude. This would leave the British colony on the Pacific with no Pacific coast at all. When their southern neighbors took up the warlike cry, "Fifty-four forty or fight!" the British Government knew that they were in earnest, and began to make preparations for war. However, there was no fighting; the matter was settled in 1846 by an agreement, called the Treaty of Oregon, which made the 49th parallel the boundary between the two countries.

Now, in this treaty it was not definitely stated that the British should own the little island of San Juan, though of course they claimed it as their right, for the Hudson's Bay Company had occupied it since 1843. Ten years after the Treaty of Oregon was signed trouble began over this island. Settlers had gone there from the United States, claiming it as their own. These "squatters," as they were called, went so far as to put up their flag. As the British were careful to keep the Union Jack flying, two flags were then floating over the little island.

At this time lived the pig that became famous by almost causing war. One of the United States squatters had a potato patch partly enclosed. A British pig, living under the British flag, wandered out of its pen

one night and had a midnight feast on the United States squatter's potatoes. After its stolen meal it went to sleep in a cool woods near by, and was found there next morning by the angry squatter. It happened that he owned a gun, and so piggie never awoke from his sleep. When the owner learned what had happened he demanded pay for his pig, but the squatter refused, claiming that the island and the pigs on it belonged to the United States.

Much trouble followed. The United States sent soldiers out, and British warships came to the island. However, it was finally decided to settle the dispute without war, and the case was laid before the Emperor of Germany, who acted as arbitrator. In spite of the British having held the island for so long, he decided in favor of the United States, though it was not until the year 1872 that his decision was made known.

In the year 1849 an important bit of information came to the white men on Vancouver Island. One day, towards the end of the year, an old Nanaimo chief from another part of the island visited Fort Victoria, and while there went into a shop to have his gun mended. As he stood waiting he watched the men put fresh coal upon the fire. Picking up a lump, he looked closely at it and said to them: "There is plenty of stone like that where I live." The men told him that if he would bring them some of it they would charge him nothing for repairing the gun, and, in addition, would give him a bottle of rum. Promising to do this the Indian departed. But upon his return home he became ill, and it was spring before he came down to Victoria with his canoe-load of "black stone," which was, in fact, found

to be coal. He got his bottle of rum and guided the white men back to what became one of the richest mines of the country. Soon a fort was built there. That was the beginning of the city of Nanaimo, which to this day is famous for its coal.

About seven years after the white men found the Nanaimo coal-mine, the greatest discovery of all was made known. The Hudson's Bay Company traders had seen Indians with bits of gold, and for some time had known that the precious metal was to be found in the country, but little was said of it until 1857. About that time a trader at Kamloops got enough from the Indians to send three hundred ounces to Victoria; and two United States prospectors also found the precious metal on the Thompson River, and carried some of it to their country. Other miners sent samples of gold-dust home to San Francisco in letters. By the next summer news of gold along the Thompson and Fraser rivers spread far and wide, and people from all parts of the continent were hurrying there. Nearly the entire population of San Francisco were trying to sell out and go to the new gold-fields.

Neither houses nor tents could be put up quickly enough for the crowds that rushed to Victoria, where the Governor granted the permits, or mining licenses. Shanties and tents of all shapes and sizes were to be seen, and yet many had to sleep with only the sky for a roof. The little trading-post soon had inhabitants enough for a city. The newcomers all wanted to hurry on to the mainland, but there were not nearly enough boats, and some set out in little skiffs they had made for themselves.

On the mainland other difficulties arose. There were no roads to the mines, and no supplies had been taken up the rivers. The miners had to depend upon the food they could carry on that rough, pathless journey, or the hunting they could do by the way. Later, when a supply of food was taken to the gold-fields, it sold there at enormous prices. At one time a pound of beans could not be bought for less than a dollar, and other things, if to be had at all, were equally dear.

Though the country was rich in gold, all did not succeed in finding it. Some, after enduring all manner of hardships, gave up and left in despair. One man, who had been digging for months, went away tired, discouraged and poor. Another, who passed that spot soon after, went on with the digging at the same place. In a few days he came to gold enough to make him one of the richest men in the country.

Many times it was through the Indians that the valuable discoveries were made. One day a man who had been toiling with pick and shovel far up on the Fraser was resting a few moments, wondering whether he could ever get enough gold to pay him for his trouble. A young Indian passed by, and seeing the gold-dust in the pan, said he knew of a place where there was a great quantity of the yellow metal. He drew a rough map in the sand, and told the white man that if he would meet him after sixteen days at a certain place, which he had marked on the map, he would take him to the yellow metal. At the appointed time and place they met. The Indian, who was the son of a Kamloops chief, guided the white man to what was afterwards known as the Horse Fly mine, one of the most famous in the country.

RETURN OF INDIAN WAR PARTY.

SHOWING FORT VICTORIA AND INDIAN ENCAMPMENT.

(From a painting by Paul Kane, by permission.)

It was chiefly men from across the border who flocked to the gold-mines during those first years. The Canadians in the East had heard the good news, but they could not reach British Columbia as easily as the people from the Western States. However, hundreds of miles of prairie and the great barrier of the Rocky Mountains were not enough to keep them back long.

In the year 1862 a little company started out from Ontario and Quebec to cross the continent to the gold-mines. Their journey was full of adventure. They reached the Red River in time to take passage to Fort Garry on the first steamer that ever plied on that river. Before they had gone far it was evident that the boat would not answer her helm properly, for at every bend of the river she ran into the shore and had to be shoved off. Progress was so slow that in order to make the provisions last, the passengers were allowed only two meals a day.

At Fort Garry the travellers got oxen and Red River carts, flour and pemmican, and set out across the prairie. Dozens of times they stopped to bridge rivers, each bridge causing a long delay. When they had to leave the carts behind, the oxen objected to carrying packs on their backs, and some of the men knew so little about either fastening the packs or managing the oxen that as soon as they thought they had them ready to start, the animals would kick their heels in the air and send the loads flying. One man was foolish enough to try to hold his ox by the horns. He was knocked down and badly hurt. They had a terrible time crossing the mountains and going down the Fraser River, but though many were the narrow escapes, only a few lives were lost.

Among those who took this long journey were three little children, who reached the gold-fields happy and well and in time learned to prospect like their fathers. Most of the party afterwards became wealthy in the gold-fields of British Columbia, and helped to build up the country.

When crowds rush to a gold-field there is always danger of trouble. Some are sure to be the worst class of men, who expect to do as they please back in the lonely places where there are no policemen or law courts to keep them in order. At the beginning of the gold rush in British Columbia the miners sometimes took the law into their own hands. They did this once during their first summer at the mines, when a man took a boat-load of whiskey up the river and began trading it off to the Indians. It made the poor red men crazy, and the lives of the miners were not safe. To prevent the Indians from getting it they offered to buy it all, but the owner liked the fun of making the Indians drunk, and would not sell to the miners. The miners marched down to the boat with their guns loaded. Some stood guard over the owner while the others broke the whiskey kegs. Then they ordered the man to go home, and he was only too glad to make his escape from the array of firearms pointed so dangerously at his head.

But the Indians were angry. Having had a taste of whiskey, they wanted the rest of it. One took a pick from a miner, and the miner broke a shovel over his head. Then the Indians gathered excitedly together. The chief got on a stump and made a regular stump speech, urging his braves to massacre the whites. The

few poor miners armed themselves as well as they could and wondered how much longer they had to live. Just then a barge came in sight round the bend of the river. It was the good Governor, James Douglas, arriving in time to save them. He knew that the best way to manage Indians was to treat them like children, so he persuaded them to go away to Fort Yale, and there gave them such a grand feast of hard-tack and molasses that they forgot about the whiskey and were willing to leave the white men alone.

Besides soothing the ruffled feelings of the Indians, the Governor gave help and encouragement to his people. He arranged to have roads and portages made between the lakes, and he appointed justices of the peace back among the mines to see that the laws were kept.

You last heard of James Douglas when, as chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, he chose the site of Victoria. Soon after there came a higher office for him to fill. It happened that a governor was needed, first for Vancouver Island, and then for British Columbia. After Victoria was built, the members of the Hudson's Bay Company were given a grant of Vancouver Island, on condition that they should settle it within five years. James Douglas was made Governor under the Hudson's Bay Company. However, the Company did not settle the island, and by the time of the gold rush only a few hundred acres of land were being tilled. Then the British Government took the control of the island away from the Hudson's Bay Company, and New Caledonia, as the mainland west of the Rockies was called, was made the Colony of British Columbia.

The next thing was to appoint a governor. The choice fell upon James Douglas.

There was a reason why he was chosen. When a boy he was told, as most small boys are, that "a thing worth doing is worth doing well." He must have heard the old saying very often, for all through life he put it in practice. He rose in power because he did everything as carefully as he had done the choosing of the site of Fort Victoria. It was because he had shown himself worthy that he was given the highest office in the colony. For governing the country so wisely during the inrush of miners, and guiding it safely through the boundary troubles, he was knighted by good Queen Victoria. Sir James Douglas is called the "Father of British Columbia."

Another man who took an important part in the building up of British Columbia was the Chief Justice, Sir Matthew Begbie. With such care did he see that the laws of the country were kept, that miners grew afraid to settle their quarrels with knives and revolvers, and many lawless characters became good men and valuable citizens. The Indians had great respect for him, for he was always just with them. They knew that if a white man broke the laws and wronged an Indian he went to jail just as surely as if he had wronged a white man. It was due to Sir James Douglas and Sir Matthew Begbie that throughout British Columbia travellers needed no weapons except those necessary to protect themselves from the wild animals.

There is a little story told about New Westminster, the first capital of British Columbia. It seems that

the fort first decided upon was thought by some to be on the wrong side of the river, and Colonel Moody, who had been sent out to survey, chose another site. As Captain Grant, who was to have the honor of making the first cut in one of the trees growing on the spot, was in the very act of swinging his axe, he stopped suddenly and told the Colonel that he could not be the one to start the capital there, for he felt that it was not the best place. A site farther down the river, he said, could be more easily defended, and large vessels could come up to it. They listened to him, rowed down the river, made the first cut in one of the trees there, and named the place Queensborough. As miners were flocking into the country, it was not long before there were hundreds of wooden buildings standing where that tree and its forest companions had grown.

Now, the people of Victoria strongly objected to the name of the new capital. "Our city has the Queen's name; why have another Queen city?" they said. The name Queensborough caused so much trouble that the matter was taken up by the Government in England, and Queen Victoria chose the name New Westminster. New Westminster was not long the capital. Seven years later Vancouver Island was made part of British Columbia, and Victoria was chosen as the capital.

In the beautiful country west of the mountains, where game and fish were plentiful and the climate was mild, the Indians had time to sit about the campfires watching the evening shadows grow deeper, and wondering where the moon rose from, where the sun went to, and why the wind blew. At such times the old Indians would tell the legends or stories which had

been told about the camp-fires of their tribe for many generations.

These legends the busy miners and fur-traders never heard. The Indians talked to them about their furs, their game, the angry rapids down the river, or the storms that raged about the mountain peaks, but not of the stories which had come down from their grandfathers. Though the Indians lived wild, savage lives, and were cruel and stealthy in their warfare, they had their finer feelings, and did not talk to everyone of those things which were nearest and dearest to them. Their legends were too sacred for all ears. But as time went by, men came to their country who had time to win their friendship, and when the Indians had learned to love and trust these men, they told them many of their quaint old legends.

On a night when the wind swept down from the mountain peaks and whistled in the forest, the white men heard this story of the lad who caught the wind: "Long ago the wind did much harm. It blew violently over the country and killed many people, and blew away their homes. Now, it happened that there was an Indian boy who was always trying to do great things. One night he said, 'I am going to catch the wind.' They all laughed at him. However, after trying several nights, he snared the wind and got it into his blanket and took it home. To show that it was really there, he opened the blanket the least little bit and let the wind blow some. When it nearly blew the lodge over, his people begged him to tie it up again, which he did. At last he let it go, on condition that it would never blow

strongly enough to hurt people in the Indian country." This promise they believe the wind has kept.

At another time they told how the grizzly bear was responsible for the chipmunk's striped back. One day the bear found a log burning. He tried to put the fire out by scraping up earth with his paws and throwing it on the log. A chipmunk came along and began throwing sticks on the fire to make it burn up. The bear could not put it out, and became so angry that he threw earth at the chipmunk. The chipmunk threw wood-dust at the bear and then ran away. The grizzly chased it, and just as it was going into a hollow log, made a stroke at it with his paw and tore the skin off its back in stripes. Ever since chipmunks have had striped backs.

These Indians believed that in the beginning of the world their people were without fire, and as nothing would burn, a cheery camp-fire was unknown among them. One cool night, when they were gathered about a bright blaze, they told the white man how their ancestors came to have their first fire. This is the legend:

"One day two young braves said they would learn where fire could be found, so they sent the swift swallow flying over the country to search. At last the swallow came back with the news that fire was in the possession of a family living some distance away. Then these braves said they would find a way to get some. One changed himself into a beaver, and the other changed himself into an eagle. The eagle sailed away through the air and found a clam-shell. The beaver started off, and, travelling by land and water, came to the place where the people had the fire. In the morning the girl

who went to the creek for water ran back with the news that a beaver was at the watering-place. A young man went out with bow and arrow, shot the beaver, took him to the lodge, and began to skin him.

"'Oh, my elder brother, the eagle, he is long in coming; I am nearly gone,' thought the beaver.

"Just then the eagle perched on the top of the ladder and attracted the attention of the people. They forgot about the beaver and tried to shoot the eagle. But though they fired many arrows, they could not kill him. While this was going on the beaver caused the water to come up and flood the house. The people became so excited at this that the eagle had a chance to drop his clam-shell unnoticed into the fire. The beaver, who was watching for it, filled it with fire, put it under his arm, and put off in the water. The eagle followed, and together they spread the fire over all their country. They put a little into all the grass and sticks and trees, everything that nowadays can burn; the beaver putting it in the low parts, and the eagle doing the same in the high tree-tops. Ever after all that tribe could have camp-fires."

This is the reason why they see a woman's face in the moon: "The moon," they say, "used to be an Indian, and at one time had a face as bright as the sun. He would be just as bright now, but a younger sister sits on his face and darkens it. When the moon was a handsome white-faced Indian the stars were his friends. Once he invited all the stars to visit him. Only the Pleiades came, yet the house was quite crowded. When the moon's younger sister came in with the water she had gone for, there was no place left for her to sit, so the moon said, 'Sit here on my face, for there is no

room elsewhere.' She did so, and she may still be seen sitting on her brother's face, holding her water-bucket, thus making the moon darker than the sun. From the day the Pleiades gathered in the moon's house they have formed a cluster and travelled together."

The Indians in that country still say that when it is going to snow or rain the moon builds a house for himself. This house is the halo you see when a storm is coming. They also think the clouds are the smoke from the moon's pipe. If the weather has been clear and clouds arise, they will declare it is the moon beginning to smoke.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Fur-Traders.

FAR away in distant parts, where the country was still "No Man's Land," the Hudson's Bay Company had their trading-posts. These "forts," as they were called, were small log buildings, much like those which were built on Hudson Bay when the Company was first formed. Over each floated the flag of the Company, a red flag on which were the letters H. B. C. and the Union Jack. It was a flag the Indians had learned to know and respect, and that they were glad to welcome to their land.

In charge of these forts were the traders, solitary white men, leading a lonely existence in that great land. Through the dreary winters, when the Indians were away in distant hunting-grounds, the traders at many of the forts saw no living thing except the wild animals which wandered past. But early in the spring, when the snow and ice showed signs of melting, the Indian hunters came bringing in their furs on dog-sleighs. The loads were heavy, for besides the furs the Indians carried along their household goods. Piled on the hunter's sleigh might be seen his dried meat, the skin covering of his tepee, his battered copper kettle, and the little puppy dogs too young to follow. But the baby in the moss-bag was carried on its mother's

back, and the little children of four or five years walked on snowshoes like their mother and father. To reach the fort they had toiled on day after day, at night making camp in the snow and sleeping wrapped in furs about the fire. But they were happy through it all, for they were thinking of the wonderful things they were soon to get from the white man. The visit to the fort was the great event of the season.

At the fort they sat about on the floor, resting and waiting their turn to do their trading, while the blazing logs in the fire-place brightened up the room and shed a glow over their dusky faces. As each Indian's turn came, the trader looked over his furs to see how many beaverskins the pile was worth, and then the Indian and his squaw chose what they wished from the store-room in exchange for them. Powder and shot came first, for the Indian must hunt if he and his family were to live. Tobacco was usually the next thing he thought of, for all Indians are great smokers. After this they got a little tea and sugar and some flour, which they tied up in an old cloth; then, perhaps, if there were furs enough, a blanket-coat for the little boy. By this time the squaw was sure to have caught sight of a bright-colored handkerchief. It was what she wanted more than anything else for herself and the baby papoose in the moss-bag. It may be that she had kept back a skin for just such a handkerchief, and if so she was made the proudest and happiest squaw in the north. When the visit to the fort was over, they shook hands with the trader and cheerfully went back to the woods or the plains for another season of hunting.

What a pile of furs they had to give for those things! But the price in furs for a cup of tea, sweetened with sugar, and for flour enough to give the Indians a treat of pancakes, is not to be wondered at when one remembers that these supplies were taken across lakes and up and down streams in canoes, and carried past rapids and through the woods by men or dogs, and loaded and unloaded dozens of times, before they could make some red man happy in his wigwam.

The work the trader was doing far away in that lonely land was a joy to the Indians. A gun, a little tea and sugar, a red cotton handkerchief, were worth living for. But surely the trader was not adding to the comfort of the animals? Many a little sable's soft, warm coat went for a cotton handkerchief, and often the busy ermine's white fur paid for the Indian's pipe of tobacco. Much the same fate was befalling all the other animals. The poor beaver, since his coat became dollars and cents for the Indians and the trader, had difficulty in finding a safe place to dam a stream and build his house.

Not only the traders of the Hudson's Bay Company, but foreigners, too, were on the Pacific coast, and sea-otters were being killed when storms drove them ashore. Such high prices were paid for their beautiful skins that traders lost sight of the fact that, if they were not careful, a day would come when no sea-otters could be found. On that same coast vessels were wrecked that might have sailed home in safety had the walrus been left in peace to sound his warning.

Some trading-posts were so far north that the Eskimos visited them. It was a red-letter day to those

A VISIT TO AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT.
(From an old print.)

A FUR BRIGADE.

people when they took their furs to the white man and got some of the wonderful things he had. Their odd ways amused the trader. One of their queer customs was to rub the articles they got all over with their tongues, much as a baby might do with a piece of taffy. Even needles they treated in this way. It was their manner of showing that the things then belonged to them.

At a trading-post among the distant Eskimos and Indians, Donald Smith (now Lord Strathcona) began his work in Canada. At the age of eighteen he left his home in Scotland to become a Hudson's Bay Company trader in bleak Labrador, where in summer the air is thick with mosquitos and the winters are long and cold and dark. There he remained for many years. His spare time was spent in writing, reading, and studying, all the while slowly gaining the knowledge of the country which in after years enabled him to give so much help to the North-West, of which you will read later.

Another name well known in the annals of the Hudson's Bay Company is that of Sir George Simpson, who became governor of the great Company just after the North-West Company united with it. He held that office for some thirty-nine years. Under his wise leadership a successful trade was carried on and many new forts were built. He never failed to take his yearly journey across the continent to visit the different trading-posts. As he had great distances to travel, it is little wonder that he was always in a hurry. It is said that one day, when he had been persistently urging on his canoe-men, one big voya-

geur ducked him in the water to teach him to keep quiet when they were all doing their best. Sir George was wise enough to know that in spite of his hurry he must take time to make an impression. He always entered a fort in grand style, to the strains of the bagpipes, and with his men dressed in their best. He made his dog an object of wonder to the Indians by fastening to its collar a music-box, which he wound up when he came to a fort or an Indian village. In amazement, the red men called him "the White Chief with the dog that sings."

Apart from the "dog that sang" and the bagpipes, the Indians looked up to the "White Chief" for the same reason that they did to the flag and the Company's traders. It was because the great Company always dealt fairly with them. The traders did not take advantage of their ignorance of the value of goods to cheat them, but gave them the worth of their furs, and were always ready to help them. No Indian was ever turned away empty-handed and hungry. Those who had been unsuccessful in the hunt, and had no furs to bring, were given goods on credit. The Indians, in return, were just as honest with the traders, always coming back with furs enough to pay their debts.

One reason why the Indians on the coast were found to be so treacherous was because men from foreign trading-vessels had cheated and ill-used them. In the far north, where the Indians had been reached only by the Hudson's Bay Company traders, they were so honest that white men had no need to lock their doors, even though the store-room was full of

flour, tea, sugar, tobacco, and powder and shot, and hungry Indians were passing every day.

A writer who travelled across the North-West told the following story of an honest Indian at Hudson's Hope, a northern trading-post:

One spring an Indian brought his furs from far away in the wilderness to a little trading-post on the Peace River. At the end of his long journey he found the fort closed. The trader in charge had not yet come up the river from the trading-post where he had spent the winter. Only a bit of parchment covered the window, and the Indian could look in and see great piles of the things he most wanted. A keg of powder and many bags of shot were there, tobacco more than any Indian could smoke in a life-time, and the spotted cotton handkerchiefs that would have so pleased his wife. He looked at these things and he looked at his furs, then he sat down and thought.

He might easily have helped himself, but he never dreamed of doing so. He just waited and waited. The days went by and the trader did not come. Now, what was to be done? The Indian had a long journey ahead of him, and he knew if he did not start soon the snow would be gone before he could reach home. But he was out of powder and shot, and unless he could get some at the fort he could not supply himself with food. Still he waited. The snow was becoming soft, and travelling would be harder. He would soon be too weak from hunger to hunt. Something must be done. After a last weary look for the expected trader, he climbed through the parchment window. He took three skins' worth of powder, plac-

ing the skins on the keg. He measured out three skins' worth of shot, and placed the skins beside the bag. A little tobacco he paid for in the same way. After hanging up the rest of his skins to go to the credit of his account, he took his departure, almost afraid that he had done wrong.

"Oh, red man of the woods, the credit of your twenty skins hanging to the rafters of Hudson's Hope is not a large one, but surely there is a hope somewhere else, where your account is kept in golden letters, even though nothing but the clouds had baptized you, no missionary had cast water on your head, and God only knows who taught you to be honest."

CHAPTER XV.

The Missionaries.

"The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

"The bells of the Roman Mission,
That call from their turrets twain,
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain."

THE plain in this little poem was the buffalo's home, and the river the famous Red River. The vesper bells that rang out at eventide and were heard by the hunter far away on the silent plain, and by the boatman on the river, were the bells of the Cathedral of St. Boniface, the first Roman Catholic church in the North-West.

The mission work of St. Boniface began in the early days of the Selkirk colony. It was the old picturesque cathedral with its "turrets twain" that the first half-breed settlers and many of the voyageurs and hunters attended, and it was there that many an Indian first heard of the white man's religion. In 1853, the year after the second disastrous flood at Red River, the priest who began the work at St. Boniface died, and Bishop Taché took his place. The young bishop, who had already travelled much among

the Indians, worked earnestly, not only for the success of the church, but also for the welfare of the new country.

Though the Selkirk settlers were mostly Presbyterians, and had been promised a minister of their own Church by Lord Selkirk, it was a Church of England clergyman, Rev. Mr. West, who was first sent to the little church of St. John's that they had built on the spot chosen by Lord Selkirk. He could not speak their beloved Gaelic, and they were not accustomed to his prayer-book. But he was their only minister, so differences were for the most part put aside, and for several years he labored among them and won their sincere regard.

Among the first settlers so many nationalities were represented that this first clergyman distributed Bibles in English, French, Gaelic, German, Danish and Italian. Upon his leaving Red River his place was filled by the Rev. D. T. Jones, and he in turn was succeeded by the Rev. William Cockran, who spent the remainder of his life among the early settlers, voyageurs and Indians of Rupert's Land. Just after his death the good Bishop Machray arrived at Red River and began his invaluable work for the West.

After attending the Church of England services for nearly forty years, the Presbyterian settlers were overjoyed to hear that a minister of their own Church was at last coming to them. The Rev. John Black, who had been sent out by the Presbyterian Church of Canada, reached the settlement on the 19th of September, 1851. About three hundred Presbyterians who had been attending St. John's Church now went to hear

their own minister. The Kildonan church was not yet finished, and for a time services were held in the manse. Rev. John Black remained at Red River until his death. He was always a warm friend to his people, and was greatly beloved by them. He was much interested in missions, and gladly did what he could to encourage mission work among the Indians.

Not only in the settlements were the missionaries found, but back in the wilds among the red men. They had been following the fur-traders far into the country to carry the Gospel to the Indians. At their missions they tried to form little schools where Indian children could learn to read the Bible.

In their work the missionaries met with the same trials and dangers as the explorers, and often more discouragements. Many of the Indians did not wish to become Christians and go to a heaven where they could not make war. They would say: "White man's religion not good for Indians." The medicine-men, who were found in every tribe, worked against the missionaries. They saw that when Indians became Christians, they no longer believed that disease was caused by evil spirits which could be driven away by the singing and blowing of medicine-men. So they tried to persuade their people to drive the missionaries away. However, in spite of these things, many Indians were glad to hear the Gospel, and tried to live better lives. The Bible stories were wonderful to them. To listen to the missionaries they would sometimes travel hundreds of miles in the coldest weather, and stand upon the frozen prairie while he preached to them. Christianity made them less cruel in war,

more refined in their homes, and taught the men how wrong it was to leave all the hard work to be done by the women.

The Indians found it difficult to believe they would not need their warm furs, their pipes, their weapons and their dogs in the white man's heaven. Some said they would not join the white man's church unless they might be buried with their warm robes about them, for they feared they would be cold in the white man's happy hunting-grounds. One day, when a missionary was resting at the door of his little log mission house, an Indian, who had just joined the church, appeared carrying a black dog which was ill. He astonished the missionary by asking him to baptize it. The missionary tried to explain that he could not do so. The Indian turned away saying, " If my dog cannot go to white man's heaven, neither shall I. We both go to Indian's happy hunting-ground." Then he made his way back into the forest, and for months would not come again to the mission church.

Though the Indians were bright and quick, it was difficult to keep them at school long enough to teach them to read. The children did not want to sit still and study, but preferred to follow their fathers to the hunt, and very few of the older Indians ever had time to study.

James Evans, a Methodist missionary, found a way to overcome this difficulty. The Indians about Norway House, where he worked at the time, really wanted to learn to read the Bibles he gave them, but before they had mastered more than a few words they would hear that moose-tracks had been seen, perhaps

many miles away. Off they would go, and it might be months before they would return to Norway House. Now, one day when the Indians had hurried off suddenly in the midst of their study, an easy way of teaching them came to him. For some time he had been carefully studying the Cree language. He had found that the whole language consisted of only about thirty-six syllabic sounds, and that the words were simply combinations of these sounds. His method was to make a character to stand for each sound, and then to write the Cree words with these characters. For instance, for a word of three syllables, or sounds, he made the three characters which stood for those sounds, placing them in the order in which the sounds came in the word. It was a sort of easy shorthand of the Cree language which he had invented. By this method, all he needed to do was to teach the Indians which character stood for each sound.

The missionary's invention proved a great success. The Indians were all delighted to learn to read without first learning to spell, and called the passages, which he wrote on birchbark, "bark which could talk." They came for passages of the Bible and hymns faster than Mr. Evans could write them out. Even though some of the Indians were soon able to help him, he was kept busy copying hymns and scripture texts.

A little later Mr. Evans made himself a kind of printing-press. He whittled his first type from blocks of wood, mixing soot out of the chimney with a little water to make ink for printing. Birchbark was his paper. He afterwards made a better type out of old

bullets and lead from the tea-chests. With his home-made printing-press he made some birchbark books which greatly delighted the Indians. They soon learned to sing the hymns in their soft, sweet voices. Here is a stanza of one of their favorite hymns in the Cree syllabics as Mr. Evans printed it in his home-made type:

ᐦᐊᐤ, ᒫᒫᐦᑖᑯᓯᐠ ᐊᐢᑮᐣ,
ᑕᑯᓯᐣ ᐅᑭᒪᐤ;
ᐊᐧᐁᐧᐊᐢᑖᐠ (ᐦᐣ) ᒥᑌ,
ᒪᒪᐤ ᓂᑲᒧᐢᑖᐣ.

Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

By means of Mr. Evans' Cree syllabic alphabet, a clever Indian could learn to read in a few days. Indeed, there have been Indians who began to study in the morning and could read before sunset of the same day. Many missionaries have since made use of this system to help them in their work among the Crees.

Far through the country, even near the Rocky Mountains, missionaries travelled, not in the parlor-cars which now go through the country, but by following the hunter's path to the camp, or the pack-trail from one fort to another; and often, on the trackless plain, guided only by the sun, or the moon and the stars. No bridges spanned the rivers in those days. Some missionaries were known to send their goods

REV. GEORGE M'DOUGALL.

FATHER LACOMBE.

WILLIAM DUNCAN.

REV. JAMES EVANS.

REV. JOHN BLACK.

ARCHBISHOP TACHÉ.

ARCHBISHOP MACHRAY.

FAMOUS MISSIONARIES.

over in a boat made by putting an oilcloth over a large hoop. They crossed over themselves by holding to their horses' tails while the horses swam through the water.

Prince Albert, on the Saskatchewan, was founded by Rev. James Nisbet, one of the ministers who worked far beyond the settled parts of the country. Two well-known missionaries who travelled near the Rocky Mountains were Father Lacombe and Rev. George McDougall, the former of whom is still living. No matter how swollen the rivers, or how rough the track, these men tried to reach each camp at the promised time, so that the Indians might have perfect faith in them. The Indians called them "Men of one word," their way of denoting men who kept their word. One of these missionaries, in journeying from one mission to another, swam, waded or forded thirty rivers. Often on their long journeys they were overtaken by storms and lost their way on the pathless plains, and towards spring they were always in danger of snow-blindness.

There were other dangers than these. When Radisson, Verendrye and other early fur-traders went into the country, the Indians were delighted to have the white men among them. But when so many came to settle in their country, and game became scarce, their welcome to the white man was not always a warm one. At one time a missionary was busy skinning buffalo on the prairie. Now, Indians in their moccasined feet glide so quietly along, and their graceful movements are so like the swaying of the prairie grass, that they can come very near without being noticed. The missionary saw no one until he was

startled by a terrific war-whoop, and almost instantly he was surrounded by angry Indians ready to kill him because the white men were taking their buffaloes. He told them that if they fought it would grieve the Great Spirit, who had made them friends and brothers. Then they laid down their weapons and sat about peacefully listening to him talk. The red men were always reverential when the Great Spirit was mentioned.

Some of the Indians were always ready to believe the medicine-men when they said the missionaries had induced bad spirits to spread the smallpox, and when it broke out among them they wanted to kill the missionaries. At one time, when a minister's family were at work in the garden, Indians who had come to kill them were hidden all about in the long grass, yet not a shot was fired. Possibly, when they looked at the innocent faces of their white friends, they could not believe they had tried to bring them disease. The Indians themselves said, "The Great Spirit will not let us shoot."

West of the Rocky Mountains many of the Indians welcomed the missionaries to their lodges, and were glad to hear of the white man's God. Strange to say, among some tribes in that country, missionaries heard legends which were not unlike parts of the white man's Bible. One, which had been told from grandfather to father, and from father to son, for no one knows how long, was a story of a flood which makes us think of Noah. According to this *kitchi-a-tesoka,* or great tale, ages ago the water flowed over the whole earth, and all the Indians perished but one family,

who got into a great canoe and took with them all the different kinds of animals. After floating about a long time, one little muskrat became so tired of being in a canoe that it could stand it no longer, and dived into the water. It soon reappeared with a mouthful of earth, which it placed upon the water. From this mouthful of earth the new world grew. Little Indian papooses play with tiny canoes and animals cut out of wood just as white children play with their Noah's arks.

Other Indians told a different story of the Flood. They said that when the water flowed over the earth it did not quite cover the mountain-tops. Some of the Indians climbed to the high peaks and were saved. Others got into their canoes and drifted in all directions. When the water went down again the canoes were left on dry ground, where they had been driven by the flood. That is why Indians are scattered over the different parts of the country, but all are the same people, and all have much the same customs.

Another tradition was that the world was once a fluid mass, all in darkness, with no living thing upon it. Then the Great Spirit came down in the form of a huge bird, and, spreading its wings over the earth, made land and water as they now are, and created the sun and moon and all living things upon the earth.

Some missionaries found Indians anxious to belong to the white man's church until they were told that in order to do so they must give up their cruel customs, their wars, and their gambling. They would then lose their interest in religion and go off to fight their

enemies. But this was not always the case. One particularly successful missionary in the early days of British Columbia was Mr. Duncan. His work was among the Tsimpsean tribe, a wild and savage race of Indians, who were easily made angry, and when aroused to wrath were never content until they had committed some cruel act. One of the first things he saw at their camp was some of these savages ill-using and murdering a slave. Though they had many medicine-men, who in cases of illness were continually singing, dancing, and shaking their rattles, and declaring they could cure all diseases, and though most of their young braves spent their days in gambling, yet they were glad to see the missionary and give him a place by their camp-fire.

Shortly after Mr. Duncan went there, the discovery of gold brought in the rush of miners, and with that the Indians began to get "fire-water," which made them more dangerous, their homes more miserable, and the missionary's work a hundred times harder. In spite of his difficulties, Mr. Duncan opened a little school in the home of the chief, and twenty-six children came to it. Before the end of the year five times as many children were attending, and twice that number of older Indians.

In a few years the mission had grown so that Mr. Duncan decided to establish a mission village where the Indian village of Metlahkatlah had been. On the day when he invited the Indians to come with him and live as Christians in the mission village, all the red men came out of their lodges to watch what was going on. They sat in a half-circle, perfectly motion-

less, their cloaks about them, their chins resting upon their knees. One after another the Indians rose and stood beside the missionary, until there were about fifty, who in six canoes paddled to Metlahkatlah. Others joined them from day to day, and when the Bishop came to visit them, so many wanted to be baptized that he was kept busy from eight in the morning until one o'clock the next morning, and the little lamp was quite burned out. So anxious were the Indians that they all forgot that sundown was their bed-time.

Before Mr. Duncan's mission had been long established, there were one thousand Indians in the village. All of these had promised to stop gambling and drinking and painting their faces. These pledges were by no means easy for a coast Indian to keep. They also promised to rest and go to church on Sunday.

One old chief who visited the mission some years after was greatly pleased, and asked that a missionary might be sent to his people. In speaking of it he said: "A rope has been thrown out from Metlahkatlah which is encircling and drawing together all the Indian tribes into one common brotherhood."

Mr. Duncan taught the Indians to live in a more comfortable way, and to provide for the future. They had dwelt in miserable huts before, but he showed them how to make comfortable houses. Some even had an upstairs, with a guest-chamber in their new homes. He taught them to make gardens and to raise vegetables, and encouraged them in their weaving of baskets of rushes, and mats of cedar bark, and in carving, an art in which they were particularly skilful. Many of them were able to carve almost perfect

beavers out of wood, or model them in silver. In time they built a very fine church and had an Indian band. The young people in the school learned to read and write in the English language. Though their expression at first seems very curious, we can readily understand them. Here are some notes from a letter and diary of one of the pupils:

"April 4th.—Please, Sir, I want to speak to you. I wish I had some powder for my gun. All done shot. All done for me. What for you want to shoot ducks? Because it is very sweet. Please, Sir, Mr. Duncan, will you give me a little powder and a little shot? If you will give me any powder, then I will be happy."

"April 10th.—I could not sleep last night. I must work hard last night. I could not be lazy last night. No good lazy—very bad. We must learn to make all things. When we understand reading and writing then it will be very easy. Perhaps two years, then we understand."

"May 17th.—I do not understand some prayers—only a few prayers I understand, not all I understand, no. I wish to understand all prayers."

When the Indians came to be well acquainted with their missionary, they talked to him more freely about themselves. Perhaps you would like to hear their description of the landing of the first white man along their coast. Many children say they "just died laughing." These Indians, as you will read, "died" from astonishment:

"A large canoe of Indians were busy catching halibut in one of the channels, when a thick mist enveloped them. Suddenly they heard a noise as if a large

animal were striking through the water. Immediately they concluded that a monster from the deep was in pursuit of them. With all speed they hauled up their fishing-lines and strained every nerve to reach the shore. Still the plunging noise came nearer. Every minute they expected to be engulfed within the jaws of some large creature. However, they reached the land. Soon a boat filled with strange-looking men emerged from the mist. The pulling of oars caused the strange noise.

"The strangers landed and beckoned to the Indians to bring them some fish. One of them had over his shoulder what was supposed to be only a stick. Presently he pointed it at a bird that was flying. A violent 'poo' went forth. Down came the bird to the ground. The Indians died.

"When they revived, the whites were making signs for a fire to be lighted. The Indians began as usual, rubbing two sticks together. The strangers laughed, and one of them snatched up a handful of dry grass, struck a spark into a little powder placed under it. Instantly another 'poo' and a blaze. The Indians died.

"After this the newcomers wanted some fish boiled. The Indians put the fish and water into one of their square wooden buckets, and set some stones on the fire, intending, when they were hot, to cast them into the vessel and thus boil the food. The whites were not satisfied with this way. One of them fetched a tin kettle out of the boat, put the fish and some water into it, and then, strange to say, put it on the fire. The Indians looked on with astonishment. However, the

kettle did not burn up. The water did not run into the fire. Then again the Indians died.

"The Indians' turn had now come to make the white strangers die. They dressed their heads and painted their faces. Nok-nok, or the wonder-working spirit, possessed them. They came along slowly and solemnly, seated themselves before the whites, and suddenly lifted up their heads and stared. Their reddened eyes had the desired effect—the white men died."

Before the Indians really understood the white man's religion, they were likely to mix it with their own belief. Once a white man was travelling with some Indians in a canoe when a thunderstorm came up. At every peal the Indians, who believed thunder was the voice of the Great Spirit, rested on their paddles and said a long prayer which had been taught them by some missionary. The rain came down in torrents, but that did not matter. Each time the prayer must be finished before they went on. All were soaked, and the white man was very angry, but the Indians were happy, for they believed they had pleased the Great Spirit by saying all the prayers they knew when spoken to in that voice of thunder.

THE RED RIVER SETTLEMENT.

SHOWING ST. BONIFACE CATHEDRAL AND FORT GARRY.

CHAPTER XVI.

Trouble at Red River.

In the fall of 1869 Fort Garry was all in confusion. The people there were busy preparing for a new governor, but all were not doing so in the same way. Some were making ready to welcome his arrival, but the half-breeds were angry and said they would not allow the governor to enter the settlement. Taking their weapons with them, they marched out and built a fence across the road by which he would come, and waited beside it, threatening to shoot anyone who tried to pull it down.

You will remember that, after Lord Selkirk's death, the Hudson's Bay Company bought back his territory and ruled over the settlement. Now, the governor of the Company was there at this time, lying ill in his home at Fort Garry. Why another governor was sent, and why the half-breeds did not want him, is a long story. To understand it all, one must go back to a great event that occurred in 1867. Until that year the provinces of Canada were not united. There was no Dominion, and consequently no Dominion Day. But on the 1st of July, 1867, an Act of the British Parliament, called the British North America Act, came into force and joined the scattered provinces into the Dominion of Canada. The 1st of July then became Dominion Day, our great national holiday.

The Selkirk settlement did not come into the

Dominion at that time, but remained under the control of the Hudson's Bay Company. However, in the year 1869, the Hudson's Bay Company agreed to give up to Canada the possession of Rupert's Land in return for the sum of £300,000, and a piece of land near each trading-post, and one-twentieth of the land in what was called the "Fertile Belt"—that is, the territory between Lake Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains. These arrangements were to come into effect on the 1st of January, 1870, when the colony was to become a part of the Dominion and to have a lieutenant-governor of its own.

During the summer of 1869, the Dominion Government sent surveyors out to Red River to measure the land into square lots. Now, the half-breed settlers living there had taken up farms of any shape they liked, mostly in long, narrow strips, running back from the river, so that they might each have a little of the river front and build their houses near together on the river-bank. They had not been consulted about the change which was to be made. It had not even been explained to them, so it is no wonder, when they saw strange men driving stakes here and there on their land, that they feared their long narrow farms were to be changed into square ones, or that the land was going to be taken away from them.

About this time William Macdougall, who was to be governor when the new arrangements came into force, decided to go west and be ready for his duties. To see the surveyors at work was bad enough, but when the half-breeds heard that a governor was coming to rule over those square farms they were greatly excited,

and thought the country would be made into something altogether different. They felt much as the animals did when they saw the white men coming into their land with guns and steel traps. Among the French half-breeds was a man of some ability, named Louis Riel, who had studied at Laval University, in Montreal, and was better educated than most of the others. He was a clever speaker, and soon made himself the leader of his people and urged them to rebel against the new change. This is the reason a fence was built across the road and closely watched by the angry half-breeds.

When Governor Macdougall with his family was nearing the end of his journey, he found, instead of a welcome, a carefully guarded fence across his way. His order to remove it met with such prompt refusal and show of arms that he was obliged to go back to Pembina and spend the winter there at the fort, where Lord Selkirk's colonists had so often taken refuge. It was by no means a pleasant time for him, as he had not been expected at Pembina, and no warm house was ready for him.

Meanwhile, as winter was approaching, the people guarding the fence found it rather cold there and moved into Fort Garry. Riel took possession of the quarters that had been prepared for the governor. He talked wildly of what he would do for his people, and soon had the poor French half-breeds looking upon him as their protector. It was an anxious time for the loyal settlers, for they had no idea what this excited man might do; and as he had possession of the stronghold, they knew he could not easily be put down.

Wishing to frighten these loyalists, Riel first had a number of them, who had gathered at the home of Dr. Schultz, taken prisoners by his half-breeds. They were crowded into such a small room that to keep from suffocating they had to break a pane of glass, and were then nearly frozen by the cold wind blowing into the fireless prison. Throughout their imprisonment they were most uncomfortable, as they were not allowed proper food, nor warmth enough for winter weather.

Dr. Schultz was placed in a cold room by himself. Kind friends, knowing his condition, often sent him in delicacies. One day a pudding was sent, and deep down in the centre he found a knife and a gimlet. With the knife he cut the buffalo robe he slept upon into long strips, and tied these together to form a rope. To add to its length, he cut up some of his clothes. When night came and all was quiet, he fastened one end of the rope through a hole that he had made with the gimlet in the window casing, and let himself down. His rope did not reach to the ground, and at the end of it he had a long jump. Though hurt, he managed to get to the house of a friend in Kildonan, who, regardless of Riel's displeasure, gladly gave him shelter. But Dr. Schultz could not remain there long, as Riel's men were soon out searching for him. When he learned that they had orders to shoot him on sight, he set out at once, with a faithful half-breed guide, upon the long journey across the country to Fort William. After tramping five hundred miles in midwinter weather, he reached his destination in safety. It may be interesting to the reader to know that Mr. MacBeth, the writer of the Introduction to this book, is a son of

the Kildonan settler in whose house Dr. Schultz found refuge after escaping from the fort.

Riel's actions continued to alarm the loyalists. He forced open the doors of the Hudson's Bay Company's warehouses, and took from them whatever he wished. Their cattle were killed to supply his men with meat. He raised a rebel flag, and the governor of the Hudson's Bay Company was powerless to prevent it, though he told a friend that when he saw it from his bedroom window he almost choked with mortification. Riel even placed a guard in the governor's house to prevent the visits of his friends. Friends of the prisoners were not allowed to visit them unless a guard was sent in to hear what was being said. All mail coming or going passed through Riel's hands, and as there was no telegraph line, the loyalists had no sure means of communication with the outside world.

When the Canadian Government heard of these serious troubles they sent messages to Fort Garry to quiet the half-breeds. They were sent by a special commissioner who was to explain matters to the people and do all he could to bring peace to the Red River settlement. The man chosen for this important mission was Donald A. Smith (now Lord Strathcona), who for many years, as we have seen, had been a fur-trader and knew the country well.

Now, Riel's followers were many, and in their excited condition the slightest thing might cause an outbreak of violence. There was always danger, too, that they might get the Indians to join them. The loyalists had no way of protecting themselves. Miles and miles of deep snow and frozen lakes and rivers

lay between the little colony and military help. For Mr. Smith to take a message from the Government at such a time was like carrying a lighted match through a dark place full of gunpowder. If carried aright it would show the way out, while a slight misstep might cause a terrible explosion. But a wise man had been chosen to guide the people in this time of danger, and the light he was given to carry was the brightest he could have, for it was the message from the Dominion Government, and another from Queen Victoria, telling the people to be good, for she was their Queen and no injustice should be done them.

Upon reaching Fort Garry, Mr. Smith's first difficulty was to get a chance to read the messages to the people without making Riel angry and thus exploding the powder. The wily leader did not wish the messages read, fearing the people would be won over to the loyalists' side. However, when he saw they were determined to see what was in those papers, he consented to a meeting being held on the 19th of January for the purpose of having them read. Messengers were sent far and wide to call the people together. So many came that no building in Fort Garry was large enough to hold them, and the meeting, which lasted five hours, was held out of doors, with the thermometer 20 degrees below zero. Mr. Smith refused to read his papers under Riel's rebel flag, so it was pulled down and the messages from the Government and Queen were read under the Union Jack. This did much toward quieting the people and making them reasonable.

Afterwards a bill of rights was drawn up and delegates were chosen to go to the Canadian Government

at Ottawa. This is what Mr. Smith most wanted, because it would bring them into communication with the Government. Though Riel and his council continued to rule, many of the prisoners were set free, and it was hoped that matters might be smoothed over and peace restored.

Meanwhile, at Portage la Prairie, friends of the prisoners had heard that they were shut up in a cold, draughty place, with no fire, with midwinter winds blowing through the cracks, and only the cold floor to sleep upon. As Riel had seized the mails, they knew little of what was being done, so they gathered together a band of men to march to Fort Garry to try to have the prisoners released. Major Boulton, who had come west with the surveying party, was chosen as their leader. After a march of sixty miles through deep snow, they took up their quarters in the church and school at Kildonan. Here they were joined by others, and a cannon was drawn up to the church by four oxen.

Towards evening an unfortunate circumstance occurred. A young man, suspected of being a spy of Riel's, was taken prisoner. He soon made his escape, and in doing so seized a gun lying on one of the sleighs. Meeting a young man named Sutherland riding towards Kildonan, he took aim and shot him. Sutherland was carried to the Kildonan manse, and died soon after. The young man who had shot him was wounded in being captured again, and died in about a month.

The men from Portage la Prairie afterwards sent messages to Riel demanding the release of the prisoners. Efforts to have them set free were made by others,

and soon they were all liberated. Having accomplished their mission, those from Portage la Prairie then began their return march, travelling with difficulty through the deep snow. When they were opposite the fort, men rode out with a message saying that Riel wished to see them. To this they objected, as they had a long journey ahead. However, poorly armed and up to their waists in snow, they saw it would be useless to resist double their number, and so decided to accept Riel's invitation.

Once inside the fort, the gates were swung to and they were prisoners. Major Boulton was placed alone in a cold room, below freezing point, with his legs chained. The others were equally miserable. When the Major rattled the chains in taking off his wet stockings to wring out the melted snow, the sergeant in charge routed up all the guards and crowded them into his room to see if he were trying to escape. Later the door opened and Riel put his head in, saying, "Major Boulton, you prepare to die to-morrow at twelve o'clock."

Major Boulton said, "Very well." Then the door closed, and he was alone again.

Though the Major's friends went to Riel begging that his life might be spared, it was not until Mrs. Sutherland, mother of the young man who had been killed near Kildonan, went to him, that Riel granted the request. He then promised to give her Major Boulton's life for that of her son.

But Riel was determined to show his power, so he made up his mind to put to death another prisoner, a young man named Thomas Scott. Nothing could

turn him from his purpose this time. On the night of March 3rd, he had his men hold a sort of trial. Scott was guilty of nothing but loyalty to his Queen; nevertheless, when morning came he was told he must die at twelve o'clock that day. The best efforts of Donald A. Smith, Rev. George Young, Archbishop Machray, and many others, were useless. When Riel entered Major Boulton's room, about an hour before Scott's death, the Major made the most effective remark he could think of when he said, "Don't you think you are doing the most imprudent thing for your own safety?"

"I did not come here to talk to you about that," was all the reply he got.

Scott barely had time to write home, and to say good-bye to his fellow-prisoners, when he was led out into the snow under the walls of Fort Garry and shot. Riel even refused to let his friends have the body, and no one knows where the unfortunate man was buried. A grave was dug in the courtyard, but as it was afterwards learned that only a sham burial took place. Scott's body was not placed there.

Riel had gone too far. By his cruelty to others he had injured himself. Many of his people, as greatly horrified as the loyalists at his actions, turned against him. When the news reached Canada, the country was roused to its real danger, and troops under Colonel Wolseley were at once sent to Red River. But at that season travelling over the fur-traders' route was especially difficult, and it was weeks before they reached Fort Garry.

This delay in the arrival of the troops made but

little difference, for the good Bishop Taché, of St. Boniface, had returned from his visit to Rome. The Bishop had great influence over his people, and soon made those who still looked to Riel for guidance understand that his course was wrong, and that the Government would give them all their rights. In his sermon on the first Sunday after his return, he told them that he was much grieved by acts committed by some of his people during his absence, and showed how much trouble might be saved if they would but be charitable. The only way to build up a country, he said, was to put aside all differences and work together for the common welfare. This sermon did an immense amount of good. It so quieted the half-breeds that Riel could no longer lead them. Upon seeing the forces under Col. Wolseley approaching, Riel fled in haste and escaped into the United States. So it happened that when the troops marched up to the Fort they found no one there to oppose them.

It was owing to the tact of Donald A. Smith and others, including the ministers of the different churches, that only one man was shot, instead of hundreds. Had the loyalists risen against Riel, or angered him while he and his men were in possession of the stronghold and the ammunition, there would undoubtedly have been much bloodshed. For his invaluable services to the country at that time of danger, and later important service, Donald A. Smith was knighted.

While the troops were on their way to Fort Garry the Manitoba Act was passed, making that country a province of the Dominion. To the new province the name of Manitoba was given. This name comes from

two Indian words which mean, "The straits or narrows of the Great Spirit." Fort Garry, the capital, was named Winnipeg, another Indian word.

Adams G. Archibald was sent out as lieutenant-governor in the place of William Macdougall, who had not been allowed to enter the country. The province was divided into twenty-four districts, and each district elected a member to the provincial legislature. The half-breeds now understood the new form of government, and were satisfied when, by the Manitoba Act, a large tract of land was set apart for them. Troubles and misunderstandings had at last come to an end. The people of Manitoba settled down to their occupations, and the young province was soon on the way to prosperity.

CHAPTER XVII.

The White Man's Progress.

When the first steamboat which plied on the Red River reached Fort Garry, people hurried to the shore, while bells pealed and cannon roared in honor of the event. Domestic animals, taking it for a pursuing monster, ran off in fright, and for days some of the cows did not venture to return to their homes by the river. The children, who had never seen a steamer before, called it "a big barge with a windmill on its stern." The first telegraph line, a few years later, was another surprise to most of the children. They delighted in trying to shoot the wire with their arrows, and were always wondering what effect a good shot would have on a passing message. But they soon became used to steamboats, to all kinds of mills, and to telegraph and telephone lines, for white men were now streaming into the country, bringing with them the latest inventions. Bishop Taché was right when he said of the first steamer at Fort Garry, "Each turn of the engine is bringing us nearer the civilized world."

The first legislature of Manitoba also brought the new province more in touch with other parts of the Dominion. Her people were now governed in the same way as the provinces in the East, and the representatives they sent to Ottawa voiced their wishes at the Dominion capital and helped the members from the other provinces

to make laws for the welfare of Canada. At that time there were over six times as many half-breeds as white people in Manitoba, and few of them had ever been out of their native land. The new system of government was a great change to those who had seen only the wild life of the plains. The very dress of the members of that first legislature showed the mingling of the new life with the old. Some wore broadcloth and linen, while others wore red flannel and buckskin and the picturesque sash of the plains.

As Manitoba was but a small part of the great country, arrangements were made for the government of the territory lying beyond the new province, by placing it under the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba and a council of eleven members. Something more had to be done before the lonely West would be a safe place for settlers. Bad men, who had learned the weakness of the Indians for "fire-water," and who knew they would sell all their possessions for it, were taking whiskey into the North-West. Now, Indians who would come and shake hands in the friendliest way with the lonely settler in his shack were just as likely, when drunk, to murder him and burn his little house to the ground. To save the Indians from ruin, and protect the white men in that country, laws were made prohibiting the sale of liquor to the Indians. As laws alone were useless to prevent evil-doing hundreds and hundreds of miles from policemen and law courts, the Government sent out about two hundred Mounted Police to travel over the country and see that the laws were kept.

Up to this time British Columbia, beyond the great

mountains, had little in common with the Dominion. The people living in that colony on the Pacific seemed very far away from those in the eastern provinces, for they could not visit any part of the Dominion without climbing the mountains. And then, to reach the provinces, they must travel over the plains on horseback or in waggons; and though they had some of the best fish and lumber in the world, pack-horses and "prairie schooners" could not take these to the markets in Eastern Canada, or even to Manitoba and the North-West Territories. The great ranges of the Rocky Mountains were as a stone wall shutting out British Columbia. But this could not last. The day came when the white man set about making a gateway through the wall which the Indians had scaled for generations.

An important event led to the making of this gateway. The very year after Manitoba became a province, confederation was being considered in British Columbia. Some living there thought they were too far from Eastern Canada, and shut out by too high a wall, for the union to be of any advantage to them. Others were anxious for the change, and thought that because they were beyond the Rockies and just across the border from the United States, this was all the more reason why they should have the protection of the Dominion. All had the welfare of British Columbia at heart, but they could not all agree as to what was best to be done.

However, after a debate which lasted for days, terms were agreed upon, and British Columbia became a province of the Dominion, with a lieutenant-governor and legislature similar to Manitoba, and was allowed to send senators and members to the Dominion Parliament

at Ottawa to give the people of British Columbia a voice in the governing of the Dominion. The most important condition of the union was the promise of the Dominion Government to overcome the disadvantage of the distance from British Columbia to Eastern Canada by building a railway across the continent to the Pacific coast. This railway was to be the gateway through the wall.

When the first Dominion Day was celebrated in the new province, scarcely a child lived there who did not spend part of the holiday talking of a future trip on the railway through the mountains, across the continent and down to Ottawa, the Dominion capital. However, they grew to be men and women before they were able to take this journey. The Dominion Government had promised to begin the railway in two years, and to finish it within ten; but though survey parties were sent out at once to find the best place for the steel to be laid, the work was not finished so soon. Building a railway across thousands of miles of unsettled country and through a mountain wall was a greater undertaking than anyone had realized at the time, and it was fifteen years instead of ten before it was completed.

Not long after British Columbia became a province the North-West Territory was given a governor and council of its own. Four districts were formed, under the names of Alberta, Assiniboia, Athabasca, and Saskatchewan. Battleford, in Saskatchewan, was the first capital of the North-West Territories, but in a few years the capital was moved to Regina, in Assiniboia, as the railway was to pass through that place. The new capital was at that time only a small village of wooden build-

ings in the midst of an unsettled plain. It had not always been called Regina. Years before, the Indians had named the place Okanse, meaning a pile of bones, because the ground there was covered with bones. No Indian war had laid them there. It is said that at a time of terrible famine among the buffaloes many thousands died at that spot. Indians passing by long after, when the bones of the poor buffaloes were bleaching in the sun, called the place Okanse, and so it became known by that name. Loads and loads of these bones were shipped away when the railway came through, but many remained strewn over the ground. Though the place was still a pile of bones, people became tired of calling it Okanse, and gave it the greatest name they could have chosen, Regina, which is the Latin word for Queen.

Many new names were given to localities as years went by, for the white men were pushing their way on through the country, and settlements and villages were springing up far from Fort Garry. Frequently the Indian names for the lakes, rivers, and valleys were kept, and that is why Indian stories are told about so many names in the West. The pretty name Qu'Appelle, a French word, comes from an Indian legend. According to the story, on a clear night an Indian brave was paddling in his canoe near the shore of a beautiful lake when he heard his name called softly. He answered, "Who calls?" No reply came. Three times his name was spoken, and each time he shouted, "Who calls?" But only the echoes came back to him. Upon returning home he learned that at the very hour when far away on the lake shore he had heard his name, his bride

SCENE OF POUNDMAKER'S LAST BUFFALO CORRAL—A "VALLEY OF DRY BONES."

(From a photo by Ernest Brown, Edmonton, by permission.)

in their tepee home had died calling his name. French voyageurs who heard the story named the valley and the lake Qu'Appelle, meaning, "Who calls?" In these lines from a little poem on the legend of Qu'Appelle, Pauline Johnson, our Indian poet, pictures the red man thus giving voice to his grief:

"Among the lonely lakes I go no more,
For she who made their beauty is not there;
The paleface rears his tepee on the shore
And says the vale is fairest of the fair.
Full many years have vanished since, yet still
The voyageurs beside the campfire tell
How, when the moonrise tips the distant hill,
They hear strange voices through the silence swell.
The paleface loves the haunted lakes, they say,
And journeys far to watch their beauty spread
Before his vision; but to me the day,
The night, the hour, the seasons all are dead.
I listen, heartsick, while the hunters tell
Why white men named the valley The Qu'Appelle."

The lonely settlers far out on the prairies sometimes saw a solitary horseman pass, and knew by the uniform that he was a member of the Mounted Police force. Because he rode over the plains they felt safe in their distant homes, and the Indians lived in peace. The work of the Mounted Police was an important factor in the progress of the West. Their task of keeping order over that vast country was a difficult one. Far and near lived the Indians, ignorant of the white man's laws. Lawless men, who well knew that liquor was prohibited, were trying to get it into the country by some untravelled route, so that they could enrich themselves at the

expense of the poor Indians. The Mounted Police had their orders to prevent this, and also to make the Indians understand that they could not go on horse-stealing excursions, or wage war whenever they wanted to, for the Queen across the ocean was their Great Mother, and they must obey her laws.

Often a single Mounted Policeman would ride into a camp of Indians and explain what the Government expected of them. If, months after, he heard that some of those braves had been stealing horses, he would ride back and fearlessly pass among the armed and painted red men until he came to the chief's tent. There he would lecture the Indians on the sin of breaking the laws of the country, and end by demanding that the thieves should be handed over. So carefully had the Indians been taught that the Government never failed to search out the law-breakers, that they would listen respectfully, and usually would hand over their thieves to the courageous representative of the Queen.

The life the Mounted Police were obliged to live was sometimes as hard and dreary as that of an exile. Many were their long, hard rides in all kinds of weather. When evening came, and the horse was tethered on the edge of some stream, there was nothing to do but lie down and watch the stars or dream of home. Sometimes the dreams were rudely disturbed by unwelcome storms. One night some Mounted Police, who were camping far out on the plains, were awakened by a tornado and lightning. One of them afterward described their experiences in this way:

"The rain came down in bucketfuls. We were compelled to rise and roll up our blankets and hold on to

the pole and skirts of the tent to prevent it being blown away. The level space outside was soon changed into a lake, and with every flash we could see our poor horses standing in this sheet of water, with their backs humped up and turned towards the pitiless storm. Morning brought no improvement. Every inch of horizon was walled in with black masses of loaded clouds.

"Our breakfast and dinner consisted of soaked biscuits, nothing else. There was no appearance of any break at one o'clock, so it was decided we should resume our march. We struck camp, loaded our waggons, and saddled our shivering horses amid the downpour and terrible wind."

Far from home and shut out from human companionship, these men become greatly attached to their horses, and give a kindly welcome to homeless dogs. A member of the Mounted Police force once said, "No dog was ever refused admittance to the dreary barracks if he but pled with eyes of sorrow and tail reversed."

The same man wrote of the little horse he had ridden over the plains: "He was a game little fellow, and many a lonely winter's ride we had together over the prairie. You could rein him by the neck, or you could turn him in a circle with either leg. If he were at a full gallop he would stop if you drew the reins. His head was as pretty as a deer's, and he was intelligent and docile to perfection. He used to lift his foreleg the moment you asked him to shake hands, and no distance and no continued hard riding would play him out. After a rest he would start again as fresh as ever.

"Poor little Bummer, where are you now? Have you been 'cast,' I wonder, and sold to some sordid moss-

back? Or has your brave little heart given way at last, and do your bones bleach on those great dreary plains you knew so well, and has your flesh formed food for the cowardly coyotes? Wherever you may be, 'Waes hael!'"

Carefully the Indians watched the change which was taking place as the Mounted Police rode over the country and more and more settlers came. Some of the white man's ways were very strange to them. One thing they could not understand was why each white man worked for himself and the rich did not share with the poor. Nor could they see the reason why one should go hungry, simply because he had no money, when there was food in plenty at the store. But they admired much of the white man's work, and always liked to watch what was going on.

Indians did not consider it rude to go into a house without rapping, and many a woman in a lonely prairie home had her doorway suddenly darkened by Indians who would enter uninvited, shake hands with her, and sit round on the floor, leaving her scarcely room to move about. When they saw her sew they wondered why she cut the cloth into pieces and then stitched it together. They knew any sensible Indian would let it fall in graceful folds instead of going to the trouble of cutting and sewing. Another thing they did not approve of was her husband's stiff black hat. The braves preferred women's hats, because they were trimmed. Indians who did wear men's hats trimmed them with feathers and cut out the crowns to keep their heads cool, for they were not used to wearing a head-covering for warmth.

Though the Indians had no wish to give up hunting

and become farmers, they soon learned to raise potatoes. It was not always that their first crops had a chance to grow, for when their store of food gave out they were very likely to dig up the pieces they had planted and cook them for dinner. So, while the Indians were amused at the white men's ways, the white men could also laugh at the ways of the Indians.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Treaties with the Indians.

Do you wonder how the Indians felt when they saw so many white people coming, and watched them slowly turning their hunting-grounds into wheatfields? Surely you will not be surprised to hear that a day came when the red men living nearest the settlements became alarmed. They realized that soon they could no longer have the forest and prairie to themselves, but must live as the white man lived, or else die. In Manitoba they became uneasy directly after the change of government, for their Selkirk treaty was then useless. They wondered who would pay them their tobacco, and whether there would be a spot of ground left where they might pitch their tents and smoke their pipes.

They were not left long in this unhappy frame of mind, for the Government found a way to provide for them. Between 1871 and 1877 seven treaties were made with the Indians. The first of these was with the Chippewas, and the last with the Blackfoot tribe, so that all the Indians from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains were included in the treaties.

The treaties were not exactly like Lord Selkirk's, and though each of the seven differed slightly from the others, they were all alike in the following terms: The Indians, in return for giving up their right to the land, were given reserves of land consisting of six

hundred and forty acres for each five Indians. They also retained the privilege of fishing and hunting all over the country, except those parts which were taken up by the settlers. Every year the Government was to pay to each Indian man, woman and child the sum of five dollars, and to each chief twenty-five dollars, and to each councillor, or head man of a chief, fifteen dollars. In order to make the chiefs and their councillors feel that in a sense they were officers of the Crown, and shared in the responsibility of helping on the welfare of the country, the Government promised to give to each an official suit of clothing, and to every chief a British flag and a silver medal. The Government also promised to give each year to the Indians who came into the treaties, powder, shot and twine, and to give to those who wished to farm, seed grain, oxen, dairy cattle and implements, such as ploughs, spades and rakes. Schools were to be established for Indian children, and no intoxicating liquors were to be sold on the reserves.

At each meeting, when a treaty was to be signed, the Governor was careful to see that the chiefs thoroughly understood the terms before putting down their marks. He explained the treaty to them, and assured them that it was all written down so that it could not be rubbed out. The Indians always listened attentively. Then perhaps they would retire to think it over and meet again the next day, never failing to begin the talk by shaking hands with the Governor and his company. The chiefs would then make speeches, or ask questions. Often they made requests which could not possibly be granted, and the Governor would have to

tell them why they could not have what they wanted. When, at last, all understood and were willing to agree to the terms, the treaty was signed. The chiefs then received their flags and medals, and presents were given to the people. The band afterwards played "God Save the Queen," and all went home happy.

When, in 1871, the Indians met at Lower Fort Garry to consider the "Stone Fort Treaty," the Governor, after shaking hands with them all, made the meaning of the treaty very clear to them in this simple speech:

"Your Great Mother, the Queen, wishes to do justice to all her children alike. She will deal fairly with those of the setting sun just as she would with those of the rising sun. She wishes her red children to be happy and contented. She would like them to adopt the habits of the whites, to till the land, and raise food, and store it up against time of want. But the Queen, though she may think it good for you to adopt civilized habits, has no idea of compelling you to do so. This she leaves to your choice, and you need not live like the white man unless you can be persuaded to do so of your own free will. Your Great Mother, therefore, will lay aside for you lots of land, to be used by you and your children forever. She will not allow the white man to intrude upon these lots. She will make rules to keep them for you, so that as long as the sun shall shine there shall be no Indian who has not a place that he can call his home, where he can go and pitch his camp, or, if he chooses, build his house and till his land."

The Indians were satisfied with the Governor's words, and willingly signed the treaty.

Those who gathered at the Qu'Appelle lakes to sign the Qu'Appelle treaty were not pleased because the Hudson's Bay Company got the money when the Company sold their right to Rupert's Land to the Canadian Government. The chiefs kept saying in their speeches that something was in their way. One, named The Gambler, said, "When one Indian takes anything from another we call it stealing, and when we see the present we say, 'Pay us.' It is the Company I mean."

"What did the Company steal from you?" asked the Governor.

"The earth, trees, grass, stones, all that which I see with mine eyes."

The Governor explained that these things were made by the Great Spirit, and were not only for Indians but for all men. The Gambler spoke again several times, always of the Company and something which was troubling him, but the Governor could not understand what it was until a chief named Pisqua (meaning "the plain") made their meaning clear by simply pointing to a Hudson's Bay Company officer and saying, "You told me you had sold your land for £300,000. We want that money."

Then the white men understood, and the Governor said to the Indians: "Many years ago the Queen's father's father gave the Company the right to trade in that country, from the frozen ocean to the United States boundary and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The Company grew strong and wanted no one to trade in the country but themselves. The Queen's people said, 'No, the land is not yours. The Queen's father's father gave you the right to trade; it is time those

rights should stop.' . . . The Queen would not act unjustly to the Company. She would not take rights away from them any more than from you; and to settle the question, she took all the land into her own hands and gave the Company a sum of money in place of the rights which she had taken from them."

By this explanation The Gambler's objections were so far removed that he replied: "I have made up about no other article. I suppose, indeed, I would make the thing very little and very small. When I get back I will think it over." After days of consideration on the part of the Indians, and much more talking, the treaty was signed.

At another time, when a most important treaty was to be signed at Fort Carlton and Fort Pitt, by which about 120,000 square miles of fertile land was to be ceded to the Government, one of the missionaries most dear to the red men, Rev. George McDougall, was commissioned to go among the Indians and explain the meaning of the treaty, and learn what they thought of the coming change. He visited nearly 4,000 Indians. Many of these he found already in favor of the treaty, and all were glad that liquor was to be prohibited. They wisely said, "When we see it we want to drink it, and it destroys us; when we do not see it we do not think about it." They wanted him to ask for laws to protect the buffalo, and for laws to stop the putting out of poison to kill the animals.

One of the Assiniboine chiefs said to the missionary, "My heart is full of gratitude. Foolish men have told us that the Great Chief would send his young men to the country until they outnumbered us, and that then

SIGNING OF THE INDIAN TREATY OF 1876 WITH THE PLAIN AND WOOD CREES AT FORT CARLTON.

(From a painting by Mr. Frank Becher, Secretary to Governor Morris, by permission.)

he would laugh at us; but this letter assures us that the Great Chief will act justly towards us." Another showed his faith in the missionary by saying, "If I had heard these words spoken by the Great Queen I could not have believed them with more implicit faith than I do now."

A Cree chief, Big Bear, of whom you shall hear again, was not so favorable to the treaty. He said to the missionary, "We want none of the Queen's presents; when we set a fox-trap we scatter pieces of meat all round, but when the fox gets into the trap we knock him on the head; we want no bait. Let your chiefs come like men and talk to us." Big Bear loved the wild life, and dreaded the time when he would have to live as the white man lives.

Once when a white man asked one of Big Bear's Indians for some land, the brave sprang to his feet and, pointing to the east, said, "Do you hear the Great White Man [meaning the Government] coming? I do, and I hear the tramp of the multitude behind him. When he comes you can drop in behind him and take up all the land claims you want; but, until then, I caution you to put up no land stakes in our country."

The Indians were not thinking of themselves only, but of their children, and when they met to sign the treaty they wished to be very sure that the terms would hold good for all the Indians to come after. Some began their speeches with the words, "We want to think of our children." A noted Cree chief, Poundmaker, in speaking of Indian children for all the years to come, said, "I wish you to treat them in like manner as they advance in civilization," and ended his speech

with the words, "This is all I have to say now. If I have not said anything in the right manner I wish to be excused. This is the voice of the people." Afterwards he asked for further explanations, because he could not support himself as the white man, and did not know how to build a house or cultivate the land. He was quite satisfied when told that he might still live as he had lived before.

When the treaty was signed at Fort Pitt, We-kas-koo-kee-say-yin, or Sweet Grass, made a very beautiful speech, at the close of which he said: "When I hold your hand I feel as if the Great Father were looking on us both as brothers. I am thankful. May this earth never see the white man's blood spilt on it. I thank God that we stand together. I am thankful that I can raise my head and see the white man and red man stand together as long as the sun shines. When I hold your hands and touch your heart as I do now [here he took the Governor's hand and touched his heart] let us be as one. Use your utmost to help me and help my children, so that they may prosper."

After the medals and flags had been presented, and the band had played "God Save the Queen," the chiefs went to the Governor to say good-bye. Among them was Big Bear. He said his Indians were away hunting on the plains, and he was to speak for them, but could not sign the treaty in their absence. Sweet Grass said to him, "Say, Yes, and take my hand" [meaning the Governor]. Big Bear replied, "Stop, my friend. I never saw the Governor before. When I heard he was to come I said, 'I will request him to save me from

what I dread most—hanging;' it was not given us to have a rope about our necks."

The Governor said he could not promise that, for, according to the treaty, Indians were governed by the laws of the country, and so if an Indian committed murder he must be hanged. But Big Bear had a great horror of that white man's law, and again objected to the treaty unless the Governor would change that law. However, when the Governor was leaving, he remained sitting until the others had gone, and then rose, took his hand, saying to him, "I am not an undutiful child; I do not throw back your hand, but as my people are not here I do not sign. I will tell them of what I have heard, and next year will come."

The following year a treaty was made with the Blackfoot tribe, living near the mountains. The speeches made by the chiefs at that meeting showed that the red men were well satisfied with British rule.

It was Button Chief who said, "The Great Mother sent the Police to put an end to traffic in fire-water. I can sleep now safely. Before the arrival of the Police, when I laid my head down at night, every sound frightened me; now I can sleep and not be afraid."

Eagle Tail addressed the Governor as "Great Father from our Great Mother," and said to him, "The advice and help I received from the Police I shall never forget as long as the moon brightens the night, as long as water runs and grass grows in spring; and I expect to get the same from our Great Mother."

Crowfoot said, "If the Police had not come to our country, where would we all be now? Bad men and whiskey were killing us so fast, and very few indeed

of us would have been left to-day. The Police have protected us as the feathers of the bird protect it from the frosts of winter. I wish them all good, and trust that all our hearts will increase in goodness from this time forward. I am satisfied. I will sign."

After signing the treaty the Indians fought a sham battle on horseback for the entertainment of their guests. It was wild sport to the white men. The Indians sent the bullets whizzing about so close that they were glad indeed when it was over and the red men were asleep in their wigwams.

No treaties could be made with the animals. Some moved farther north where the country was still "No Man's Land." Some were killed by the white man's guns or caught in his traps. The animals and Indians no longer owned the country. It now was the white man's land.

HALF-BREEDS TRAVELLING.

(From a painting by Paul Kane, by permission.)

CHAPTER XIX.

The Saskatchewan Rebellion.

THE most unfortunate story in all the history of the Canadian West is of the sad events of the spring and summer of 1885. There was actual fighting in the new country then, and many a Canadian volunteer lost his life far from home and friends. The cause of all this trouble began a few years earlier. It happened that after the Province of Manitoba was formed, a large number of half-breeds who had been living there moved farther west. Some left Red River because they could sell their farms to those who were coming from the East, but many others moved because they liked to live out in the wilds, far from civilization, where they could hunt when they did not care to work the land. With their families and their few possessions they had started off in Red River carts. Sometimes a procession of sixty or seventy of these carts went bumping and creaking over the prairies to the new homes.

Many of the half-breeds went north to the forks of the Saskatchewan, the river La Verendrye's sons had discovered over a hundred years before. There they took up their long, narrow farms, about as wide as a garden, but stretching back over the prairie for a mile or more. Their homes were placed so near together that they could visit every night and have the gay times they so much enjoyed, even in the winter, for there was

no long, cold tramp home with the danger of having nose and ears frozen on the way. Each man kept a canoe at his door on the river-bank, for to a half-breed fishing was a very pleasant way of securing his daily food. As each one had a little of the river front, it was not necessary for anyone to dig a well. So they were very happy on their long, narrow farms, mere "ribbons of land" beside the Saskatchewan.

The half-breeds were not alone. A little beyond them were Indian reserves. Near them white men soon came and formed settlements. Battleford, when the half-breeds first went to that part, was only a trading-post, but it soon grew to be an important centre for the newcomers from the East. Many of the white men were reckless hunters, who shot down hundreds of buffaloes and frightened the herds, and both Indians and half-breeds began to fear a time when they would have no pemmican.

The half-breeds had a still greater grievance. The Government had not yet given them title-deeds to their farms, and so they had no way of proving that the land they had settled upon was their own. However, they did not worry over this, and matters might have gone on smoothly for some time had not the Canadian Government sent surveyors out to divide that fertile prairie into townships and square lots, as they had done in the Red River settlement fifteen years before. One pleasant summer found them as far as the Saskatchewan, surveying the long, narrow farms of the half-breeds. It was most confusing to a half-breed to find that part of his farm ran across part of his neighbor's, and that his neighbor's ran across one end of his. Besides this,

according to the surveys, they could not all have part of the river, nor could their houses form a row on the bank. Worst of all, they had no title-deeds, and they feared others would come and claim these square farms that had been staked off on top of their own. Some thought it was for others the surveyors had measured them off, and that they would be left homeless. It was much the same trouble as had come to the Red River in 1869.

The half-breeds had no members in the Dominion Parliament to plead their cause, but they sent petitions to the Government asking for title-deeds to their land such as had been given to their people who had remained in Manitoba. The Government, however, was busy with other matters, and the half-breeds in the far North-West were left to wait. Then they decided to send for Louis Riel. He was teaching school in the United States, but his time of banishment from Canada was up, and he went to them at once, proud that they should want him.

Riel, with his ability and education, had an opportunity to do much for these people, but he was too vain and selfish to become a hero. By thinking of himself more than of the cause of his people he made some great mistakes. Not content to work for the title-deeds alone, he wished to drive the white men out of the North-West and take down the British flag. As soon as he reached Saskatchewan he made himself the leader of his people, and began urging them to rebel, just as he had done at Red River in '69. He left his Church and would not be guided by the good priests. His talk was most alarming. He said to one man, who was trying to quiet the half-breeds, "You don't know what we are after. It

is blood, blood; we want blood." He made the same wild remark to a priest, who afterwards said of him, "He is not crazy, this Riel, but he is wicked."

By spring (1885) matters became serious. Riel had made his headquarters at Batoche, and was gathering the half-breeds together. He was also trying to excite the Indians, who were living quietly on their reserves, and to induce them to take up arms. This was one of the worst things Riel could have been guilty of, for he knew, if once aroused to war, the Indians, no matter how gentle and peaceful they had been, would burst forth with all the strength and cruelty of their savage natures. He knew, too, how terrible it would be should they sing their war-songs, dance their war-dances, and some dark night stealthily spring upon the little settlements with their blood-curdling battle-cries. To oppose such an outbreak there were only the small bands of settlers and a few hundred Mounted Police.

Not far away from Batoche was the little settlement of Duck Lake. It consisted of only a few log houses, but provisions and ammunition were stored there. To secure these supplies a party was sent out from Fort Carlton, a Mounted Police post. But Dumont, Riel's helper, and a force of half-breeds were there before them. They hurried back for help, but even then were far outnumbered by the half-breeds, who fired on them from behind bushes and trees. When twelve of their number were killed the loyalists were obliged to retreat.

News of this defeat aroused Canada to the danger in the North-West. Canadian volunteers responded loyally to the call to arms, and soon a large force under General Middleton was on the way to the North-West. The rail-

way was not yet finished. There were great gaps in the track where the soldiers had to travel, on horseback or on foot, through the snow and melting ice of March. Especially hard was the journey round the north shore of Lake Superior, where cold, bleak winds blow at that season. To make matters worse, the hind shoes had been taken off the horses, so that if they kicked in the cars they could not hurt each other, and now, when these were badly needed, the men had no way of putting them on again.

Meanwhile Riel was busy. He cut the telegraph wires that entered Batoche, so that the white people could not telegraph for help, and sent runners to the Indians to tell them to take up arms and seize the provisions and ammunition at the forts. To make sure that they would listen, he took advantage of an eclipse of the sun, which he knew would occur in March. He told the Indians that at a certain time on a certain day the sun would darken as a sign of his power and a signal for them to rise. The Indians had never studied astronomy, and knew nothing of the cause of the eclipse, so they were amazed when the sun darkened at the very time Riel said it would, and some thought the Great Spirit was working with him.

Many of the Indians, however, paid no attention to Riel's messages or the darkening of the sun. Some even left their reserves to get away from all the talk of war. But others, who could not help listening, heard of the Duck Lake fight. Among these was Big Bear. It is true he had recently signed the treaty, and now lived on a rich reserve and wore the Queen's medal, but he was an Indian, and could not stand too much talk of war

and bloodshed. Besides, Riel had told him to fight, and the sun had darkened to show Riel's power. It seemed to Big Bear that even the Great Spirit was calling him to arms, so he gathered his braves together and declared he would fight for Riel.

Not far from his reserve, on the shores of Frog Lake, was a little settlement of white people. During the Good Friday service Big Bear's warriors appeared outside the church and disturbed the worshippers. After service they followed the people, shooting down some and taking others prisoners. The priests were shot while trying to reason with the Indians and save the women and children. A few of the women were afterwards bought from the Indians by the half-breeds, who gave up their horses for them. Fortunately for the remaining prisoners, some of the Wood Crees from farther north, who did not want war, were there and protected them from harm.

This was a terrible change for the little settlement. The cold, dreary day had begun in peace and quietness. A few hours later the dead and dying were lying about upon the snow, and the living, some of whom were only children, were prisoners in the hands of the Indians, while their homes were ransacked by the dusky savages. Later the Indians had a grand feast, at which they ate all the food they could find. After their feast they threw the bodies of the dead into the cellars and burned the houses. Then the massacre of Frog Lake was over, and only ashes were left where shortly before had been the happy homes of the settlers.

Taking his prisoners with him, Big Bear then hurried down the river to Fort Pitt, which was guarded by only

twenty-three Mounted Police, commanded by Francis Dickens, a son of the great novelist. These men, fearing an attack, had built two flat-bottomed boats, or scows, so that they could float down the river to Battleford as soon as the ice broke up. Three scouts were out trying to learn where the Indians were, when suddenly Big Bear's warriors surrounded the fort. Big Bear sent Inspector Dickens a summons to surrender. The Inspector refused. All doors were barricaded, and every man was in his place. Behind the fort on the hill two hundred and fifty armed and mounted Indians took up their position. They danced their war-dance in full sight of the fort, and some of the braves stole among the bushes ready to shoot any white man who ventured in or out. In trying to get back, one of the scouts was killed and the other two were wounded.

At last the officer of the Hudson's Bay Company went out to talk with the Indians, for he thought he could find out what they meant to do. He was taken prisoner, but managed to send word back to Dickens to get away as quickly as possible, for Big Bear meant mischief and could easily wipe out the little band. Dickens decided to abandon the post at once and make his way down to Battleford in the scows. As the river was swollen with the spring freshets and filled with floating ice, progress was slow. Snow and sleet fell all the first day. Then it grew colder, and the men's wet clothes were soon frozen stiff. Not until they had spent five miserable days on the river did they reach Battleford. There they were joyfully received by anxious friends who had feared they might never see them again, and a grand dinner was given in their honor.

By this time all settlers near the Saskatchewan were greatly alarmed, especially as telegraph wires were down and they could not learn how near help was. But the troops were coming as fast as weather and roads would permit. The gaps in the railway were not the only cause of delay. They had many miles to travel north of the railway, at a season when the frost was coming out of the ground and the roads were covered with sticky half-frozen mud or slush, and the streams to be crossed were rough and high. However, the farmers placed their waggons at the disposal of the troops, and they pushed on as rapidly as possible.

The army was divided into three sections. One section General Middleton led to Batoche, Riel's headquarters; another, under Colonel Otter, went to Battleford; and the third, under General Strange, followed Big Bear.

At the Saskatchewan River General Middleton divided his troops and had part march on one side of the river and part on the other, so that they might attack Batoche from both sides. One rickety scow in the river carried the supplies. It happened that they met the enemy before they reached Batoche. One morning, when near Fish Creek, they started as usual. The camp was all astir before daylight, and they were on the march before half-past six, with some sixteen scouts ahead. After advancing for about four miles, they came to a house with broken window-panes and grain lying about as if horses had just been fed. Soon after the scouts reported that they had seen at least a dozen camp-fires and a trail leading from them. The captain of the scouts was ordered to follow up the trail. He and his

men had been gone but a few minutes when shots were heard. Then a volley was fired at the advance guard, but fortunately it flew high. The guard at once charged in the direction from which the shots had come. At this thirty or forty half-breeds, who had been in the shelter of a bluff, darted into a ravine where their comrades were, and there, hidden from sight, opened a deadly fire upon the soldiers.

Major Boulton, who commanded the advance guard, instantly ordered his men to dismount, lie on the ground and fire. He hoped thus to give them the least dangerous position, and to keep the enemy in the ravine until the main body of troops could be brought up. "Fire away and lie close; never mind if you don't see anything," he shouted. Bravely the men kept up their fire, though one after another was struck by the bullets of the enemy they could not see. Major Boulton afterwards related a snatch of conversation heard as a wounded soldier crawled back, which gives an idea of the position they were in: "Say, Chummy, are you hit?" "Yes." "Where are they, anyway? I can't see them. This is new to me; I was never at this kind of thing before."

The enemy were succeeding so well that one man dared to come out of the ravine and begin a war-dance. He never finished it, and no one followed his example.

When the advance guard let their horses loose, that they might save themselves from the bullets, the horses galloped back as if hoping to hurry the others on to the aid of their masters. The main body of troops came up, and, after several hours of firing, the "hornet's nest," as the soldiers called that ravine and bluff, was

cleared of the enemy, who retreated farther and farther away until at last firing ceased. As oars had to be hewn out of trees before the soldiers on the opposite side of the river could cross in the scow, the fighting was over before the last of the troops reached the spot.

After the battle it was found that eight of the volunteers were dead and forty-four were wounded. The next day the dead were wrapped in their blankets and buried on the lonely banks of the Saskatchewan, hundreds of miles from home. Stones were gathered to form a cairn, and over it a cross was placed. Waggons were then fitted up as comfortably as possible, and the wounded were sent forty miles up the river to Saskatoon, where they could have better care.

After this serious experience General Middleton decided to await reinforcements before moving on to Batoche.

Cut Knife Creek.

On the day of the Fish Creek engagement, Colonel Otter's troops were nearing Battleford, where by this time many settlers had gathered for safety and were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the soldiers. The cause of their alarm was a great band of Indians under the Cree chief, Poundmaker, who had taken up a strong position behind a ravine at Cut Knife Creek, not many miles from Battleford. Poundmaker, as you know, had made a very nice speech when he signed the treaty, and had always been, not only friendly to the white men, but in favor of peace, and loyal to the Government. But Riel's talk and Riel's messages were too much for some of his braves, and when Riel told them that he would

drive away the whites and keep the country for the Indians and half-breeds, they began to think of the days before the white men came, when herds of buffaloes had roamed everywhere on the plains. They knew the white men would teach them to farm on the reserves, but Poundmaker's people were not successful farmers, and besides, they did not want such a dull life. What they did want was always to have buffaloes to hunt. But how could they have them when the white men were farming all over the prairie hunting-grounds? The more they thought of these things, and the more they listened to Riel, the less friendly they felt towards the white people. So they found a stronghold and, to the great alarm of the inhabitants of Battleford, camped there ready to fight.

Poundmaker never let them make an attack, but some of his Indians stole about the outskirts of Battleford doing wicked things. They stole cattle, burned some buildings and shot down several of the white men. The very first thing Colonel Otter's scouts saw as they approached Battleford was some of these bad Indians setting fire to one of the best houses. The scouts fired, but the Indians jumped on their ponies and got away. No wonder the troops found the people greatly excited over these outrages and relieved at the arrival of a military force.

After resting a few days, Colonel Otter prepared to march against Poundmaker, hoping thus to put a stop to further trouble at Battleford and to prevent the chief from being tempted to join Big Bear. About three o'clock in the afternoon of May 1st, the expedition set out. At seven they halted for supper, then

started again when the moon rose, some hours later. As they were riding in heavy waggons, they could not travel quickly, and it was early morning when they came in sight of Poundmaker's camp. The chief had chosen his position wisely. The only approach for the soldiers was between two ravines, and behind was the valley of the Cut Knife Creek. Cautiously they advanced towards the camp. All the Indians were still asleep save one, who was looking after the ponies. He gave the alarm, and almost instantly the Indians were ready to defend themselves. They fought bravely to protect their women and children and their ponies and cattle. They outnumbered the white men, and it was found impossible to drive them from their position. By noon Colonel Otter, having shown them by his fearless attack what brave soldiers had come to oppose Riel, decided to retire and thus prevent unnecessary loss of life. Poundmaker, also considerate of the lives of the white men, allowed them to return to Battleford without following them up with his warriors to shoot them down.

Batoche.

A week after the fight at Cut Knife Creek, General Middleton, having been joined by troops under Colonel Williams with the little steamer *Northcote,* which had been turned into a gunboat, moved on to Batoche, Riel's headquarters. On the 9th of May he reached there. The troops were met by a deadly fire from concealed rifle-pits, which had been dug all about the village, but the little gunboat soon checked the fire from these. Though no attack was made, firing went

on until night, when it ceased altogether and the tired soldiers had supper in peace behind a barricade of waggons. All that night a careful watch was kept, at least two-thirds of the men being awake and on the lookout. They feared the enemy might attack them just before dawn, when it would be very hard for them to defend themselves in their crowded camp. Before daylight came the teamsters were aroused and ordered to stand by their horses to prevent a stampede in case the camp should be attacked.

No attack was made, however, and the next day being Sunday, service was held in the camp, though firing still went on. On Monday bullets were still flying, but the soldiers seemed no nearer to victory. While the General was completing his toilet in the camp behind the waggons, with his little looking-glass propped up on a waggon-wheel, a bullet struck the waggon, but he went on as if nothing had happened.

By this time Riel was becoming anxious. He wrote a letter to General Middleton, then, opening the trap-door of the cellar where he kept his prisoners, he gave the letter to a Mr. Astley to take to the General. But he did not let him start until he had promised to come back to the prison cellar. Mr. Astley rode out with a white flag, and the General, on seeing him, gave orders to cease firing, and went to meet him. The letter said that if the troops killed the women and children by their firing, Riel would murder his prisoners. This was partly an excuse, as what Riel most wanted Mr. Astley to find out was, under what conditions General Middleton would accept his surrender. The General wrote in reply that if Riel would put

the women and children in one place, and let him know where they were, no shot would be fired in that direction. He also told Mr. Astley that a surrender must be unconditional, and that Riel would be protected until handed over to the Government.

After this firing went on as before. Now, so much skirmishing with no real fighting was discouraging the soldiers. Their comrades were being shot down every day. The enemy, too, they knew were losing, for they saw them burying their dead in the churchyard. Yet, in spite of the loss of life, the troops were accomplishing nothing, and as the General did not make an attack and put an end to it all, they feared he had no confidence in them.

However, the General arranged for a decided movement on the following day; but as some of his orders were misunderstood, it did not take place, and the Grenadiers and the men under Lieutenant-Colonel Williams, about 260 in all, were sent out to skirmish as before. But, unknown to the General, they had greater plans. The order to advance was given. They first made a rush for the rifle-pits, and drove the enemy away from them and back to the village. Then, as they paused to take breath, Colonel Williams said, "Now, lads, I am senior officer here, and I will lead you, and we will finish up this business at once. Will you follow me?" "We will! we will!" was the response. Then with pistol in one hand and cap in the other, Colonel Williams, closely followed by his men, and under a sharp fire, made straight for the village, never stopping till he found shelter under the wall of one of the houses.

The firing was soon heard in camp. There nothing was in readiness for an assault. The cavalry horses were unsaddled and the artillery horses were unhitched. Most of the soldiers were taking an after-dinner rest, and the General was just having luncheon, when the firing and loud cheering were first heard coming from the front. The General at once said to a colonel who was lunching with him: "What is it? What is it? Go and see."

The colonel ran over to the entrenchment and listened. The shouts, he could tell, were not those of men who were being defeated, and besides, they were evidently nearing Batoche, so he went back and told the General that he thought their men were "into them with the bayonets."

"They will all be killed! Tell them to bring me my horse. Get the 90th out at once, and bring them down; we must support them," the General exclaimed, little guessing what a brilliant attack Colonel Williams was leading.

The horse was brought. General Middleton mounted and galloped towards the front. Soon the artillery was galloping after him. Major Boulton's scouts were ordered out, but the rest of the force did not wait for orders, and but few of them took time to saddle their horses. They simply seized their rifles and ran to help their comrades. After that no one waited for orders. The General himself, seeing he could do nothing, said: "Let them go—you can't stop them." In a very short time Batoche was won and the enemy driven several miles beyond the village.

The weary prisoners were then let out of the dark,

damp cellar where they had been kept. The women and children, found huddled together in a sheltered spot behind a bluff, were also cared for. Riel had made his escape, but after a few days gave himself up and was taken prisoner to await his trial. General Middleton then moved on to join Colonel Otter at Battleford.

Now, after the fight at Fish Creek, Riel had sent Poundmaker word that he, and not the British soldiers, had won that battle, and that he now wanted the chief at Batoche. Poundmaker then left his ravine, but he never joined Riel, nor did he make any attempt to attack the white men. He did nothing worse than to take a few prisoners. It happened that, after leaving Cut Knife Creek, some of Poundmaker's Indians came upon a train of waggons loaded with supplies. The teamsters, though they knew they would have little chance against so many armed Indians, drove their oxen round in a circle, that the waggons might form a wall behind which to take shelter. Some of the braves rode up with a message saying that if they surrendered their lives would be spared. This they did. The Indians at once crowded about them, ransacking the waggons and taking whatever they pleased. Then the teamsters were compelled to drive their waggons to Poundmaker's camp. As they approached, the squaws and papooses poured out of the tepees, cheering at the sight, and forming a jeering, howling crowd on each side as the frightened teamsters were hurried along. However, the prisoners were reassured of their safety by Poundmaker, who shook hands with each and told them that their lives would be

spared, adding that he knew there was a Great Spirit above, and so he would not allow them to be injured without cause.

Soon after the Indians broke camp, and the prisoners had a chance to watch what would certainly astonish white people who live on that very spot to-day. In one of the newspapers of that year it was described in this way:

"Tepee-poles were thrown down in a twinkling by the squaws, who, assisted by young boys and girls, rapidly packed everything away in carts and waggons all ready for the start. The men lounged round, whiffing tobacco from long-stemmed pipes, or attended to the trappings of their horses, while youngsters, scarcely able to crawl about, drove in the cattle. Finally a start was made, and the disorganized mob moved eastward towards Riel's headquarters. Twenty-five or thirty scouts rode about a mile ahead. Instead of travelling along in a line, the Indians spread out, leaving a trail behind them over two miles wide. First came about three hundred and sixty war-painted braves, mounted on wiry ponies, or on the more powerful animals stolen in the early raids. Next came Red River carts, waggons, and every other queer kind of conveyance ever made. Each was loaded with plunder or tepee poles, while perched on top were old men with bows and arrows. Behind followed a motley mass of waggons and carts surrounded by lowing cattle and little boys on foot. Other Indian lads, mounted on young colts, kept up to the moving outfit. About half a mile behind came other herds of cattle, and behind them another herd of horses. Young girls and squaws were mounted. Several of the families rode along on oxen. In this manner the followers of Poundmaker covered three miles an hour with ease."

However, it was not long before Poundmaker, wishing to make terms with the white men, sent the following letter to General Middleton:

"Sir,—I am camped with my people at the east end of Eagle Hills, where I am reached by the news of the surrender of Riel. No letter came with the news, so I cannot tell how far it may be true. I send some of my men to you to learn the truth and terms of peace, and hope you will deal kindly with us. I and my people wish you to send us the terms in writing, so that we may be under no misunderstanding, from which so much trouble arises. We have twenty-one prisoners, whom we have tried to treat well in every respect. With greeting.

"(Signed) POUNDMAKER." His X Mark.

The General replied that he would not make terms with him, but he would meet him and his councillors at Battleford on a certain day. The meeting was one of the most remarkable which ever took place in the West, and was long remembered by the Indians as one of their greatest pow-wows. Seated about in a great semi-circle were the Indian braves, decorated with war-paint, some wearing kid gloves, others in women's hats, but all picturesque and very dignified. Before them was the greatest force of soldiers they were ever to see.

The General, through an interpreter, told them to say what they had to say in as few words as possible. But one cannot make an Indian talk like a white man. They could not help saying, "As long as the sun shines," "As long as the grass grows," or referring to the rivers, the mountains, and many times to the Great Spirit.

Many of the braves spoke. Each wished to begin by shaking hands with the General, but he steadily refused, saying he would not do so until he knew they

THE SURRENDER OF POUNDMAKER.

General Middleton is seen in the foreground seated on a chair. Opposite him, and within the circle, Poundmaker is seated on the ground. The interpreter, standing beside the General, is explaining to the Indians the terms of the surrender.

were not bad Indians. Poundmaker, in his speech, declared he had been good to his prisoners and had released them, that he done his best to keep his braves quiet, and would never have fought had he not been first attacked. At one time a squaw began to speak, and all the Indians were astonished when the General said that at such meetings he never listened to women. They reminded him that the Queen was a woman. He explained that she spoke only through her councillors. Not wishing a man to speak for her, the squaw retired, and what she had to say that day the white men never knew.

The General made a long address, and at the close told the Indians that he had received orders from the Government to detain as prisoners Poundmaker and four of the leading chiefs. He then demanded that the Indians who had killed the white men at Battleford should come forward. The first to do so was Wa-wa-nitch. He sat down with his legs crossed and, putting his hands about the General's feet, confessed that he had killed Mr. Tremont. Another, named Ikta, confessed that he too had shot a white man. These two Indians were also taken prisoners. Wa-na-nitch then made signs to Poundmaker which meant, "I am going to be hanged, but I am a brave Indian and I don't care."

After this meeting General Middleton moved on in pursuit of Big Bear, who was travelling north. Meanwhile, the force under General Strange, which consisted of a brigade formed at Calgary, including Mounted Police, scouts, and regiments from Montreal and Winnipeg, had marched from Calgary to Edmonton and then northward. General Strange and Major

Steele, by forced marches, overtook Big Bear at Frenchman's Butte, where a hot skirmish took place. The Indians retreated toward the north, but scouts followed them up, and at last secured the release of the prisoners. A few days after, Big Bear allowed himself to be taken by the Mounted Police.

During the weeks and months in which the prisoners had been forced to travel with Big Bear's band, the Indians had done them no injury. They were all safe and sound, though very weary. How grateful they must have been to those soldiers who, to bring them relief, had journeyed for days over impassable roads and through thickets, swamps and trackless woods, often lying down to rest at night wet and cold and hungry, and rising before daylight to continue their dreary march.

The rebellion was now over, and a little later the trial of the prisoners took place. Riel was found guilty of treason and hanged at Regina in the autumn. His friends buried his body in the graveyard of St. Boniface. Big Bear was sent to prison for a time, but some of his braves, more guilty than himself in the Frog Lake massacre, were hanged. Just nine years before Big Bear had begged that hanging might be done away with. Was he looking far into the future that bright day at Fort Pitt, and did he see the fate of his own men when he said, "Save me from what I dread most—hanging!"

Poundmaker was sentenced to three years' imprisonment. In self-defence he made this touching speech to the judge: "Everything I could do was done to stop bloodshed. Had I wanted war I should not be

here now; I should be on the prairie. You did not catch me. I gave myself up. You have got me because I wanted justice."

When, upon entering the prison, the chief learned that his hair must be cut, he was so deeply grieved that they took pity upon him and allowed him to keep his long dark locks, without which he felt that he could never be a dignified chief again. Through the influence of a Canadian colonel who understood Poundmaker and considered he had not been fairly treated, he was released before his term was up.

By this rebellion the attention of the Canadian Government was, at last, drawn to the North-West. As a result, the title-deeds the half-breeds had wanted were granted to all settlers, and the North-West Territories were allowed to send members to the Dominion Parliament. For safety, the number of Mounted Police was increased to one thousand. So faithfully have the promises to the red men and the settlers been kept that ever since this unhappy outbreak the great North-West has been a land of peace.

Many poems have been written on the grief and anxiety of the mothers, wives and daughters of the soldiers who fought in the campaign of 1885. Stuart Livingston gives a true picture in the following stanzas from his poem, "The Volunteers of '85":—

"Wide are the plains to the north and the westward;
Drear are the skies to the west and the north—
Little they cared as they snatched up their rifles,
And shoulder to shoulder marched gallantly forth.
Cold are the plains to the north and the westward,
Stretching out far to the grey of the sky—

Little they cared as they marched from the barrack-room,
Willing and ready, if need be, to die.

. . . . . .

"Many a woman gazed down at them longingly,
Scanning each rank for her boy as it passed;
Striving through tears just to catch a last glimpse of him,
Knowing that glimpse might, for aye, be the last.
Many a maiden's cheek paled as she looked at them,
Seeing the lover from whom she must part;
Trying to smile and be brave for the sake of him,
Stifling the dread that was breaking her heart."

. . . . . .

Pauline Johnson, the Indian poet, tells how an Indian woman felt when her brave took up arms:

"My forest brave, my redskin love, farewell,
Here is your knife—I thought 'twas sheathed for aye;
No roaming bison calls for it to-day;
No tide of prairie cattle will it maim.
The plains are bare; it seeks a nobler game,
'Twill drink the life blood of a soldier host.

"Still their new rule and council is well meant,
They but forget we Indians owned the land
From ocean to ocean, that they stand
Upon a soil that centuries agone
Was our sole kingdom, and our right alone.
They never think how they would feel to-day
If some great nation came from far away
Wresting their country from their hapless braves—
Giving what they gave us, but wars and graves."

In the following stanzas, from a poem entitled "The Rose of a Nation's Thanks," another of our Canadian poets, the gifted Isabella Valancy Crawford,

voiced the joy that thrilled all hearts when the brave soldier lads returned to their homes:

"A welcome? There is not a babe at the breast won't spring
at the roll of the drum
That heralds them home—the keen, long cry in the air of
'They come! They come!'
And what of it all if ye bade them wade knee-deep in a
wave of wine,
And tossed tall torches, and arched the town in garlands
of maple and pine?
All dust in the wind of a woman's cry as she snatches from
the ranks
Her boy who bears on his bold young breast the Rose of a
Nation's Thanks!

"A welcome? There's a doubt if the lads would stand like
stone in their steady line
When a babe held high on a dear wife's hand, or the stars
that swim and shine
In a sweetheart's eyes, or a mother's smile, flashed far in
the welded crowd,
Or a father's proud voice, half-sob and half-cheer, cried on
a son aloud.
O the billows of waiting hearts that swelled would sweep
from the martial ranks
The gallant boys who bear on their breasts the Rose of a
Nation's Thanks!"

When the rebellion was over the Indians in their tepee homes mourned for the dead in their own way. To the white men who had died on the battle-field sincere tribute was paid throughout Canada, and handsome monuments were erected to their memory. One particularly sad death occurred when the fighting was over. Colonel Williams, who led the attack

at Batoche, died suddenly from a fever brought on by the hardships of the campaign. His body was sent home in a plain board coffin, but it had the noblest of coverings, for it was wrapped in the folds of the flag under which he had fought.

Shortly before his illness, when following Big Bear, Colonel Williams picked up a little puppy at a deserted Indian village, and placed the tiny creature in an Indian birchbark basket, intending to take it home to his little boy. "Little Bear," as the pup was called, was cared for by the Colonel's comrades, and sent home to the son as a last gift from his father.

While honoring those who, on the far-away Saskatchewan, fought for their country and their flag, it should not be forgotten that the greatest heroes are not always those who fight. One of the bravest acts of the rebellion was the preventing of a battle. It came about in this way. Troops had marched through the File Hill reserve. The File Hill Indians were frightened at seeing them so near, especially as they had heard that Poundmaker, who had always been a good friend to the white men, had been attacked. They feared that they might all be driven away by these new soldiers who were marching everywhere through the country. After talking it over among themselves, the File Hill chiefs decided to be ready in case they were attacked, so, taking their arms, they moved out to a ravine and dug rifle-pits.

Thinking these armed and painted red men, who had left their reserve and taken up a strong position, meant mischief, some soldiers wanted to march against them at once and have the honor of winning a great victory.

CREE INDIANS TRAVELLING.

(From a painting by Paul Kane, by permission.)

But their colonel refused to lead them out. Because of this he was thought to be a coward. But he chose to show his bravery in another way. He arranged for a meeting with the File Hill chiefs, and on the appointed night, leaving his pistol and sword behind him, he rode out unarmed, and accompanied only by an interpreter. Hidden all about in the grass were the Indian warriors, watching the white chief, ready to fire if the slightest movement aroused their suspicions. Without hesitation, the colonel went among the Indians and explained to them that no tribes living quietly on their reserves would be attacked, and if they would only return what they had taken and go home, they would never be disturbed. In this way he brought back their faith in the white man and the Canadian Government, and saved loss of life on both sides. Surely this was a nobler deed than to fight those loyal though misguided friends of the British.

CHAPTER XX.

A Journey through the North-West To-day.

A TRIP through the Canadian North-West to-day will show the change which has taken place in the country since the days the Indians and the wild animals had that land to themselves. Now the people travel across the country by fast trains instead of taking the journey in the old slow way with prairie schooners, Red River carts, or pack-horses.

The Canadian Pacific Railway was completed in 1885. At the little station of Craigellackie, beside the Eagle River, the two parts of the railway, one of which had been built from the east and the other from the west, were to be joined together. On a November day a large crowd gathered there to see Donald Smith (now Lord Strathcona) drive the golden spike. There he stood, sledge in hand, while beside him were Sandford Fleming (now Sir Sandford Fleming), the chief surveyor, and William Van Horne (now Sir William Van Horne), the general manager of the railway, and crowding about them were the engineers and workmen.

None had a better right to be there on that eventful day than those skilled workmen. Too much praise could not be given them for their success in so difficult an undertaking. The tunnels they cut through the rock, the trestlework bridges they built over the deep ravines, and the snow-sheds they erected to protect the

track from the masses of snow and ice that slid down the mountain sides, sound their praises better than words could do.

It is no wonder, then, that when the golden spike had been driven in, and the echo of the last blow had died away, William Van Horne, when called upon for a speech, could only remark: "All I have got to say is that all has been well done in every way."

In a few minutes the conductor shouted, "All aboard for the Pacific!" and away went the white man's train, to the amazement of the Indians and the curiosity of the mountain sheep far up on the mountain side.

The old days are gone. You set out upon your journey across the continent with no fear that the poor buffaloes will stop your train, as they once did farther south. Before the C. P. R. was completed the last herd of them was shot down. The following year hunters went out as usual, but came home empty handed. There were no more buffaloes on the plains. Great was the disappointment of the Indians. Though they had long known that their story of these great animals coming from under a lake was only a pretty bit of fiction, they still thought that as their buffaloes had been with them through the past they would be with them always.

Before you reach Manitoba you can see some of the products of the country you are going to visit. At Fort William are the great grain elevators that hold the grain that comes from the West; the grain that Lord Selkirk dreamed of in the days, less than a hundred years ago, when men laughed at his visions and said wheat could not be grown at Red River. What would

they think to-day if they could see wheatfields a thousand miles farther back? The great land which was once the buffaloes' prairie playground is now called the granary of the world. So large are the harvests that every summer train-loads of young men go from eastern Canada to work in the wheatfields of the West. When the grain is threshed, waggon load after waggon load is taken to the elevators at every station. It is then loaded on the trains and taken farther east. Much of it is loaded on the steamers at the Lake Superior ports and carried down the lakes. Some goes to Chicago, Duluth and Detroit, and large quantities to Montreal, where it is sent across the ocean to be made into bread in the Old Land.

On all sides, as you journey, you hear of the growth and prosperity of the West; but the old days, too, are in your mind, and as you near Winnipeg you cannot forget the first white men who travelled there and the weary days it took them to make their way in the bark canoes. And when you catch sight of the towers and steeples of the city churches, or walk down the broad streets, you think of Jean Verendrye's log hut, and of the little Fort Garry of the days of the Selkirk settlers. But, more than all, you remember the Indians who moved their wigwams away to make room for the white men.

You need not go far from the station to learn what an important city Winnipeg is now, for a walk down Main Street will show you that in business prosperity it is in advance of many an older city. Later you see the fine church which now stands on the spot Lord Selkirk chose for the colonists' first little church.

What surprises you most is the number of different languages you hear. When you go out on the street in the morning you may hear almost every European language. But a visit to the immigration office will explain this. In some years over one hundred thousand go through that office, and they come from all over the world. Among them are English, Scotch and Irish, Americans, Germans and Poles, Icelanders, Finns and Russians. They have come to claim the one hundred and sixty acres of the buffaloes' prairie playground which the Government gives to settlers for a homestead.

After visiting such a busy modern office you feel like seeing some remains of earlier and more romantic times. Of the few still left, one of the most interesting is the old Fort Garry gate. When you have looked at it and indulged in a few dreams of its past, you cross the river to St. Boniface. Here a new cathedral stands in the place of the old one with the "turrets twain," and a beautiful chime of bells now rings out across the river. The bells that in the old days called

> "To the boatman on the river,
> To the hunter on the plain,"

are among them, though since you last heard of them they have had some hard experiences. When the first cathedral was burned they fell to the ground. It is said that the pieces were searched out from the ashes and sent to Rome to be re-moulded. The boat that brought them back went down in Hudson Bay. The chimes, however, were recovered from the bottom of the bay and taken safely to St. Boniface, where, with the new ones, they still call to the boatman; but the hunter

of to-day is far beyond the sound of their "vesper ringing."

Besides the cathedral, there are schools, a college, a university, and a hospital in St. Boniface.

To visit the homes of those who have not been long in the North-West, you take the train again and travel far beyond Winnipeg. At one little shack out on the plains you see a young man who has not yet been three years in the country. During his first year in the North-West he worked for a farmer; in the second he took up a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres. Though he had never farmed before, he built a tiny house and began to plough his prairie land. He tells you how long and how cold and lonely was the first winter in that little shack. It was lonelier than the winters of the fur-traders, for he did not see the Indians coming in the spring with furs. But the first harvest, the harvest that was all his own, repaid him a hundred-fold for his hardships and his lonely winter. On his big farm he is now as happy as a king, and can truly say

> "I am monarch of all I survey;
> My right there is none to dispute."

Do you wonder that the men of the West love their country, and that others are always coming? The Poles say it is better than Poland, the Finlanders say it is better than Finland, and the Icelanders that it is better than Iceland. Even those from good old England and from bonnie Scotland declare that they have never been happier than in their new homes in the Canadian West.

As you travel on you pass through many busy towns, and on all sides you hear of what the railway has done for them. Some of these places, you are told, consisted of but a few tents before it was built. You stop at Regina, the spot which was once marked by only a pile of bones. Now it is a capital, not of a territory, but of a province. It became the capital of a province in September, 1905, when out of the North-West Territories were formed the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan. Regina was made the capital of Saskatchewan, and Edmonton, which you will visit later, the capital of Alberta. During your visit you are told that had you been in Regina when the first birthday of Saskatchewan was celebrated, you would have seen the streets decorated with flags, bunting and arches built of sheaves of wheat and oats, and you would have seen the mottoes, "World's Granary," "Saskatchewan," "North-West Forever," "God Save the King." You would also have heard the people singing:

"Saskatchewan, Saskatchewan,
Saskatchewan forever;
God save the West, and Heaven bless
Saskatchewan forever."

Then, after the Lieutenant-Governor was sworn in, the people of the new province were addressed by Earl Grey, the Governor-General of the Dominion, who read a telegram from His Majesty the King congratulating his subjects in Saskatchewan on that memorable day.

Upon leaving the busy young capital you take the

train for Edmonton, which you find so large a place that you are not surprised to hear that on the 31st of September, 1905, when it was all in holiday array for the birthday of the Province of Alberta, thousands of men and women gathered for the celebration, and two thousand school children marched through the streets. But it must have seemed like a dream to those who had stood on that spot twenty-five years before, when the red men camped by the river while trading at the fort. Not long ago this town was looked upon as the "jumping-off place" of the North-West. This was because it was filled with the new life of the white men while yet on the very verge of the old life of the Indian. In the town one saw elevators, mills, stores, and fine homes surrounded by gardens, but one could leave those behind and, by simply walking north out of town, enter "No Man's Land," where one must travel by canoe or dog-sleigh, and where, save for the Indians, few but trappers and missionaries ventured. But now white men are pushing on beyond Edmonton. Since they have learned how far north they can raise wheat, one no longer sees from the windows of Edmonton the wilderness of "No Man's Land." There is no "jumping-off place" now.

As you near the Rockies, after leaving Edmonton, the wheat-belt is left behind and herds of horses and cattle are seen roaming over the land, living the free life that the buffaloes delighted in a few years before. The snow that falls there is soon thawed by the warm Chinook winds, and horses and cattle can run wild winter and summer. These warm winds take their name because they blow from the home of the Chinook

A RED RIVER CART.

This quaint turn-out formed part of the procession at the celebration, at Edmonton, September 1st, 1905, of the inauguration of Alberta as a Province of the Dominion.

TROOPERS OF THE R. N.-W. MOUNTED POLICE.

Indians, on a branch of the lower Columbia River. For the horses and cattle in that land of the Chinook winds the freedom does not last a lifetime, however, as it did with the buffaloes before them. All too soon a day comes when they are "rounded up" for the last time. Then for them life in the beautiful wilds of Alberta is over. The cattle, like the wheat, are shipped away to feed the world. The horses are put to work, some in other lands, and never again do they see the Alberta ranches where all through their colt days they raced and jumped and kicked up their heels to their hearts' content.

One difference between the ranching lands and the wheat-belt is that in the wheat districts the cattle are fenced in and wheat grows on the prairie with no fences about it, while in the ranching lands the wheat is fenced in, and cattle are free to roam everywhere else. There are no fences to separate the cattle of the different ranches. They stray off and run together on the wide plains, but each animal is supposed to be branded with the mark of the ranch to which it belongs. It is considered the greatest sin for a man to put his brand on an animal which does not belong to him.

Do you wonder that the cowboy's life is a busy one, and that the "round-up" is not all fun, when the cattle must be gathered together, sorted out from among the others, and the calves branded? Usually the cowboys each take several horses with them when they start out to find the cattle and have the spring "round up," for they have no idea how far they must ride or what may happen before it is finished. First they get the straying herds into a bunch. Then they ride round the

bunch and run out the cattle that belong to other herds. You may be sure that all the skill of pony and cowboy is needed for this work. Next they push in among the cattle on their well-trained ponies, and by the cleverest riding pick out the cows and calves, get them outside the "round up," and quietly drive them to a branding corral. The cowboy then throws a rope. The pony stands firm. A calf is caught by the hind leg, and someone who has been waiting for that moment has branded it before it realizes what is happening.

If you watch a "round up" you will notice how quietly the cowboys do everything. You will not be allowed to go with them unless you are quiet, too. They know that if the cattle should be startled by a noise there might be a stampede, and that is what they dread more than anything else. Sometimes, just before a storm, the cattle become restless, and the cowboys sing to soothe them, but in spite of all they can do a stampede will sometimes occur. When once the frightened cattle start and are thundering over the plains, the cowboy gallops beside the leaders, and tries to press them in so as to gradually turn them, and get them running in a circle. Should he succeed, the cattle will slacken their pace and finally stop; but if by any chance he gets ahead of the herd while they are running, he and his pony are in terrible danger of being trampled to death.

The following stanzas are taken from a cowboy's description of a night stampede, written by Isabella Valancy Crawford:

"Drowsily list'nin' I rode round the herd,
When all uv a sudden the mustang baulked,
An' shied with a snort. I never knowed
Thet tough leetle critter tew show a scare
In storm or dark; but he jest scrouched down,
With his nostrils snuffin' the damp, cool air.

. . . . . .

"But thar wa'nt a stir tew horn or hoof;
The herd, like a great black mist, lay spread,
While here an' thar a grazin' bull
Loomed up like a mighty 'thunder head.'

. . . . . .

"But 'twa'n't no coyote nor prowlin' beast,
Nor rattle a-wrigglin thru the grass,
Nor a lurkin' redskin—twa'nt my way
In a game like thet tew sing out, 'I pass!'
But I knowed when I glimpsed the rollin' whites,
The sparks frum the black uv the mustang's eye,
Thar wus sumthin' waltzin' up thet way
That would send them critters off on the fly.

. . . . . .

"The air wus bustin'—but silent as death;
An' lookin' up, in a second I see'd
The sort uv sky thet allus looks down
On the rush an' the roar uv a night stampede.

Then the herd start:

"The herd wus up,—not one at a time,
Thet ain't the style in a midnight run—
They wus up an' off like es all thair minds
Wus rolled in the hide uv only one.

In vain he tries to turn them:

"An' struck his side with my fist an' foot,
'Twus jest like hittin' a rushin' stone,
An' he thundered ahead—I couldn't boss
The critter a mossel, I'm free tew own."

At last he succeeds:

"He gev a snort, an' I see him swerve—
I follered his shoulder clus an' tight;
Another swerve, an' the herd begun
Tew swing around. Shouts I, 'All right!
Ye've fetched 'em now!'"

As you pass through the ranching country you cannot help thinking of the pictures you have seen of great herds of buffaloes. Just how the buffaloes disappeared you know, but you would like to learn how the cattle came to take their places. While resting at the town of Macleod, you ask an old man if he can tell you the story of the first little calves that spent the winter out-of-doors at the foot-hills.

He declares he knows all about it, and so you hear this story:

"Before the days of the rancher the Mounted Police pushed their way out through southern Alberta to keep order among the red men. Their first stopping-place was called Fort Macleod, and was the beginning of the town you are now resting in. When the Mounted Police went there first, the only cattle in that country were a few oxen and cows which they had taken along for their own use. About that time (1876) a man crossed the border from the United States, driving twenty-five head of cattle, some of them only calves. He took them to Fort Macleod and sold them there. Now, the new owner was busy looking after the Indians, and had no time to think of his small herd of cattle, so they were left to stray off wherever they chose. When spring came he had more time, and went to gather them in. He expected most of them would

have died from cold or been killed by the bears, but this was not the case. Twenty-five cattle had been turned loose, and twenty-five cattle came in safe and well. This is said to be the first 'round up' in the North-West. After that, the news that cattle could live out-of-doors all winter in Alberta spread through the East, and soon ranching was booming in Alberta."

Years before this, horses ran wild on the plains and lived out all winter. If those horses could talk and give us their life history, what a story it would be! They would tell how they were brought to America by the Spaniards, who long ago settled far to the south of Canada; how some broke away or were deserted by their masters, and then wandered north. It was a wild, free life, and how happy they must have been. But in time the Indians found them. Now, the Indians knew how to make use of horses. They had seen Spaniards riding and driving them, so they captured these horses and broke them in for use.

By the time the white man reached the Canadian West the horses in that country were not so large and sleek as their ancestors, the Spanish beauties, that had crossed the ocean. Through scarcity of food, hard usage and cold winters, they had become small and shaggy, so they were called Indian ponies, or mustangs. They are now better known as bronchos. Their wild life had made them strong and hardy, and they have always been valuable helpers in the work of the West. The Mounted Policeman's "Little Bummer," mentioned in a previous chapter, was one of these ponies.

In the year 1900 these sturdy North-West ponies, or bronchos, and their clever riders were made famous

the world over. The year before this, war had broken out between Great Britain and the Boer Republics of South Africa. Early in the year (1900) Lord Strathcona equipped a cavalry regiment recruited from British Columbia, the North-West and Manitoba, and known as the "Strathcona Horse." The trusty horses were well trained, and the men chosen were skilled in riding and shooting. It was from the little station of Macleod that many started on that eventful journey. The rough life of the West, and the dangers in rounding up cattle and checking stampedes, had well fitted them for the war. The help which both riders and ponies gave in South Africa brought their native land before the notice of the whole world, and the Motherland learned to value, as never before, the country that once had been "No Man's Land."

It was with sorrow as well as joy that they were welcomed home. At that time all the British Empire was in mourning for the soldiers who had died in South Africa and for Queen Victoria, who passed away before the war was over. For over sixty years the good Queen had watched over the country, beloved by red men and white men alike. None mourned her death more deeply than did her children of the West. An Indian chief expressed the feelings of all when, in speaking to his people, he said: "Our Great Mother is dead, and our hearts are broken. But it pleased her to know that when she could no longer be our mother her son would take her place. This comforts us. He will be our father, and it is well. But still we grieve always for our Great Mother."

Now you start west again. After passing Calgary,

an important city in Alberta, you come to Banff, picturesquely situated, where the famous springs are. Here you will have time for a short rest and afterwards a visit to the buffalo corral to see another remnant of the once great herds. After leaving Banff the train climbs slowly up the mountains, while on each side you see a fairyland of fleecy clouds and snowy mountain peaks. Nothing could be more beautiful than sunset among the mountains, when their snowy caps are aglow with crimson, purple and gold.

At last you reach the "Great Divide," where you see a little brook become two tiny streams, one flowing east and the other west. You have all read the story of a drop of water, and will remember that it tells you that "what all the waterdrops are struggling for is to get back to the sea, for the sea is the heaven of the waterdrops." These drops in the streamlets are starting from that height of land on the long journey to the sea. The drops in the stream that flow east are making their way to the Atlantic Ocean, and those in the stream that flow west will find their heaven in the Pacific.

Beyond the "Great Divide" you come to the Kicking Horse Pass, which through an accident became the highway of the West. It happened that when an exploring party were in the mountains, searching for a place where a track could be built, a pack-horse, tired of its heavy load and the hard climbing, gave the leader of the party a terrific blow with his heels. Thinking him dead, the men had a grave dug in a narrow canyon. But as the man was being carried to the grave he became conscious. Gradually he recovered. When better, he went to see the spot where he was to have been buried,

and found that the canyon in which the grave had been dug was a defile in the mountains, so narrow in places that a stone could be thrown across. Following this pass was like going through a gate in a high wall, but there was room in the gateway for a track to be laid, and it was the route afterwards chosen for the railway. The tired horse whose kick led to the discovery of the pass was honored at last, for Kicking Horse is the name by which the pass in the mountains has been known ever since.

But it would be a great mistake to give this name to the pack-horses. They are not all kicking horses. Indeed, they are the most faithful helpers man could have. Without their aid the great West could never have been explored and settled as it has been. In one thing the new country has failed. Horses have never been given the credit due to them for their services, nor are they always cared for as they should be. It is only fair to the horses, that when you hear the name Kicking Horse Pass you should think of the heavy packs and the hard climbing that so exasperated one horse as to lead him to use his heels in protest. You should hope with all your heart that while monuments are being erected in honor of human heroes, someone will build, to the memory of the horses that have toiled and died for the Canadian West, a drinking fountain on some hot dusty road where to-day thirsty horses pass with heavy loads.

Soon Kicking Horse Pass is far behind. For a time you follow the banks of the Thompson River, and then the course of the Fraser, with its treacherous rocks and rapids. As you glide along in the train, you think of

the days when Simon Fraser, with his bark canoe, followed that river to the sea, and even across the whirlpool, of which a recent writer says: "The rocks close in, but the Fraser River, grim and white, goes through, swearing horribly." But the river does not "swear" all the way to the Pacific. Near the end of its course it grows wide and calm. Peace settles over the landscape before you breathe the salt sea air and catch a glimpse of the smoke of Vancouver.

It is here that you see the great dream of the early explorers come true. In the harbor is a ship just in from China. Men now have a passage to the Western Sea, but by land instead of water, and goods can be sent across the continent and on to India and China. Vancouver is famous as the connecting link. How you wish Radisson, Verendrye and poor Henry Hudson could see the famous railway, the ocean port, and that great ship.

The number of saw-mills you see near Vancouver tells you that the wild animals no longer have all the dense woods for their hiding places. Every year they are moving farther back from the white man and his axe. If you go up the river and visit one of the lumbering camps where some of the logs come from, you will see how beautiful it is in the forest among the great trees which have been growing there for hundreds and hundreds of years. Many of the trees have trunks, nine, ten, and even twelve feet thick, and tower two and three hundred feet in the air. You wonder how men, who look so tiny beside the great trees, can ever cut them down. But you will soon see how they do it, for two men are beginning to chop down a big tree. First they make

cuts on opposite sides of the tree, and each inserts a plank to stand upon. Then they begin to swing their axes. First one makes a stroke and then the other, and far through the forest the echoes carry the sound of their blows. When the woodmen have made a large enough notch in the trunk, they rest for a few minutes, then take their cross-cut saws and saw through from one side to within a few inches of the great notch they made on the other. The last thing, if the tree is a very large one, is to drive a wedge into the cut made by the saw. Slowly the great trunk sways a moment or two, then falls with a crash that echoes through the dark woods till all the trees in the wood, if they could hear, would know that one of their comrades, which had grown there for hundreds and hundreds of years, was lying on the ground and dead to the forest. As you watch it all, you wonder how many old bears are back in the shade, peering among the tree trunks looking for a safe place to take their cubs down to the river to fish, and you think of the baby moose and deer that are taught to run for their lives when they hear the axe of the woodmen or the gun of the hunter.

In many places the logs are carried down to the streams by stout little engines that run up and down the hillsides. The streams help the lumbermen by floating the logs down to the rivers. At times so many go down that when the water lowers in the summer some are left high and dry on the banks; but the lumbermen know that with the floods of the following spring they will be carried down to the large river. Where the streams and smaller rivers empty into the large river the logs are caught by a boom chained across from

shore to shore. From here they are taken in rafts to the mills farther down the river.

Instead of the picturesque wigwams which Mackenzie saw along the rivers, and the basket-work traps the Indians used for catching the fish, one sees in many places the big canning factories. The fish which go into these factories come out in bright-colored tins all ready for the shop windows. Besides the tinned salmon, whole fish which have been frozen and packed in refrigerator cars now go to different parts of the world. The fish of British Columbia are as noted as her forests. In no other country are the rivers so full of them.

Mining has been carried on ever since the days of '58, but the difficulties of carrying across the mountains the provisions and machinery needed in working the mines prevented for years successful mining at any great distance back. But now that branches of the railway are stretching up into the different river valleys, rich mining districts are being opened up. In the heart of the Kootenay district you hear so much about gold nuggets and gold-dust that you know there can be no doubt of the great wealth of the British Columbia mines.

The precious minerals are not all in the Kootenay district. Farther north many valuable mines are being worked, and when you cross over to Vancouver Island you will see the change which has taken place there since the early days. Nanaimo is a busy city which the coal mines have made rich and prosperous, and many other valuable mines have been discovered. Where James Douglas built the little Hudson's Bay fort of

Victoria there now stands the city of Victoria, one of the most beautiful in Canada.

Now, before your journey is over, you must visit Dawson, the young city in the far north, situated where the Klondike river flows into the great Yukon. To reach there you must take a boat for Skagway and sail north along a part of the coast which Cook passed when he was trying to find a north-east passage. At Skagway you take the train to White Horse, and as you go winding along you catch a glimpse of the Dead Horse trail, which men followed to the gold-fields before the days of the railway. The poor horses had a wretched time, and so many died along the trail that it was called the Dead Horse Trail. From White Horse you sail down the Yukon River to Dawson.

Though tired from your journey, you may find it hard to sleep there the first night, for you are not used to bright sunshine when bedtime comes. But the people of Dawson and the miners are glad indeed to have the long summer days after their dark winter, when the sun sets before school is out. Before Dawson had electric lights, the children who attended school in the winter needed lanterns to light them home. When walking about Dawson next morning you can scarcely believe that the streets of the town were once a muskeg—that is, soft, springy black earth—and that if you had tried to cross that spot in the summer you would probably have lost your shoes and been almost eaten alive by the mosquitos. The place has been drained since those days, and now the mosquitos are not so numerous and the streets will not pull off your boots.

There was no Dawson when, in 1896, gold was discovered along the river banks in the lonely Klondike

district. But the world soon heard the news, and thousands started for the north. They went as far as they could by boat, and struggled along the rest of the way, some with pack-horses and some without them. It was then that Dawson sprang up. Like New Westminster, in the early days of British Columbia, Dawson at first consisted of huts and canvas tents, where tired people built little fires to cook their meals—that is, if they were fortunate enough to have any food to cook. Those who had no frying-pans put their bacon on the end of a stick and held it over the fire, just as they have done in other mining towns. But, unlike New Westminster, hungry dogs howled about the tents and huts of this far northern town. Everyone had his dogs, for they are the beasts of burden there in the winter when the snow is deep. They haul the wood, carry the mail, the food, and even the gold-dust. Now the huts and tents of Dawson have changed to houses, and instead of the flickering lights of the camp-fires you see the clear electric lights of the Dawson of to-day.

Though the Klondike is rich in gold, all do not find the precious metal, and even the most successful must always endure great hardships. Robert W. Service, in his "Songs of a Sourdough," describes the struggles of the Klondike miner:

"I wanted the gold, and I sought it;
I scrabbled and mucked like a slave.
Was it famine or scurvy—I fought it;
I hurled my youth into a grave.
I wanted the gold, and I got it—
Came out with a fortune last fall—
Yet somehow life's not what I thought it,
And somehow the gold isn't all."

Sad stories are told of miners who failed to find the precious gold-dust, and who lost all they possessed in the useless search, ending their lives in misery. But no tale of a journey which failed, even though

> "Sometimes it leads to an Arctic trail, and the snows where your torn feet freeze,
> And you whittle away the useless clay, and crawl on your hands and knees,"

will discourage those who follow, for the true miner will always say, with our Yukon poet:

> "There's gold, and it's haunting and haunting;
> It's luring me on as of old;
> Yet it isn't the gold that I'm wanting,
> So much as just finding the gold.
> It's the great, big, broad land 'way up yonder,
> It's the forests where silence has lease;
> It's the beauty that thrills me with wonder,
> It's the stillness that fills me with peace."

But many there are who care nothing for the beauty of the "big, broad land." In a country so far away, where men both good and bad have gathered, and where some carry their stores of gold-dust along lonely trails, one might expect to find thieves and murderers. But the Klondike is a law-abiding district, and there is no more crime in Dawson than in any other Canadian city. You know the reason. The Union Jack floats over the country, and His Majesty's Mounted Police keep guard.

While you admire the young city of the north, you also sympathize with the wild animals that all these

years have been moving back for the white man, and then, when at last they are almost within the Arctic circle, the white man came even there to build a city and sell his guns and traps. But, even since Dawson was built, the far north is the safest place for the animals. With the exception of the Klondike, little sign of the white man is seen there outside of the Hudson's Bay Company posts and the missions. Perhaps the animals are growing used to the climate and wearing thicker coats than in the days when it was safe to make their homes in warmer parts of the great West.

When sailing along the coast on your return from the north, you come near to the old site of what was once the mission village of Metlahkatlah. You are told that a new city is being built there, and that it is to be the terminus of another railway across the continent. This railway, the Grand Trunk Pacific, passes through Edmonton and crosses the mountains at the Yellow Head Pass. The terminus on the Pacific is called Prince Rupert, after the first governor of the Hudson's Bay Company.

How different it is now on the coast from the days of Mackenzie and Cook and Vancouver, and how you miss the walrus and the pretty sea-otter. During your travels you have seen but little of any wild animals. The poor things must be very wild now, and those that have not gone to the north remain in hiding far from the settled parts. You know they have good reason for their timidity when you see the number of moose heads used to decorate the halls of the white man's houses. These are trophies that arouse the ambition of the

huntsman and send him off after more of these poor creatures; though, unlike the Indian, he has no need to hunt them for his food. You can only hope that as the huntsmen become more numerous, the wild animals will grow keener of sight and scent and hearing.

You have not seen beaver dams nor beaver lodges in your journey. This is because the poor beavers are having a hard time nowadays. Unless they are far beyond the civilized parts of the country, they scarcely dare to dam a stream or build a house, but hide in miserable holes in the river bank. Experience has taught them that the aristocratic beaver, who will have his moss-carpeted house in spite of circumstances, is not likely to be left in possession long. But the white man still talks of the marvelous work the beavers do with their sharp teeth and trowel-like tails, and he holds them up as an example of industry to all small boys. The question is, will he be fair enough to these same beavers to see that they always will have some spot where they can live without fear of guns or traps, and will he ever cause these wonderful little animals to disappear as he did the beautiful sea-otters? There is this on the beaver's side, they had their homes in the Canadian West long before the white man ever heard of such a land. They were the pioneer builders of the country, an honor which does not fall to the white man. Surely they have earned the right to protection.

With the exception of stories told at the Hudson's Bay Company trading-posts, which have moved farther north with the animals, you have heard throughout your journey but little of the Indians and the wild creatures that once had the land to themselves. But

you have heard the most glowing accounts of the riches and value of the West. The white man has told you of millions and millions of bushels of wheat—wheat which is better than any that can be raised in other parts of the world. He has told you of thousands and thousands of cattle, and millions and millions of dollars' worth of gold and silver and coal. Then you have heard how many more acres of land are tilled this year than last, how much more wheat is raised, and how much more timber is being exported. The people have quoted figures until no one who hears could have the slightest doubt of the progress of the West. You could not begin to remember it all. It made you tired and dizzy to listen, so for a little rest before you start for home you go to visit an Indian reserve.

There are fewer Indians now than there were when the reserves were first formed. Those that are left do not look as their ancestors used to look. They are as different from the red men you read of before as the buffaloes in the corrals are from the buffaloes of those days. Perhaps it is because they are wearing white man's clothes, for the clothes of the white man are not nearly as picturesque as the blankets and feathers and pretty furs which the Indians wore in "No Man's Land." But, in spite of the clothes, they are still Indians, and they give you an Indian welcome. After you have shaken hands with them all, you have a chat with the old chief. He, too, talks about the country; but his talk does not make you dizzy. He does not tell you of bushels of wheat and bags of gold-dust, but he speaks of the good old days and the buffalo hunts

of the past. When, at last, you mention the change which has taken place in the West, he says:

"Yes, white man has the country now. It was a great country when the Indians had it. If the white man is good it will always be a great country."

The old chief has voiced one of the finest of hopes. All the fish and lumber and wheat and gold and silver in the world cannot alone bring glory to the West. The real greatness of the country depends upon the character of the people.

When your visit is over, and you take the train for home, you think of your talk with the chief. You think, too, of the old days of the "No Man's Land" that is now at an end, when Indians worked not for themselves but for their tribes. You know that they never left their camp-fires without first stamping out every spark lest it might burn the forest or the prairie grass, and frighten away the wild animals so that other Indians could get no game.

Those who now have the land in their keeping cannot do better than to follow the red man's example in this one thing. Just as the Indians stamped out the sparks of their fires, so the white men should make sure that no act of theirs can bring sorrow or misfortune to others, or loss to their land. If they would be worthy successors to such men as the early explorers, they must put the welfare of their country before their own interests. Only so long as her people are loyal to the good old Union Jack, and true to the highest aims of life, will the Canadian West be a great and glorious part of the Empire that girdles the globe.